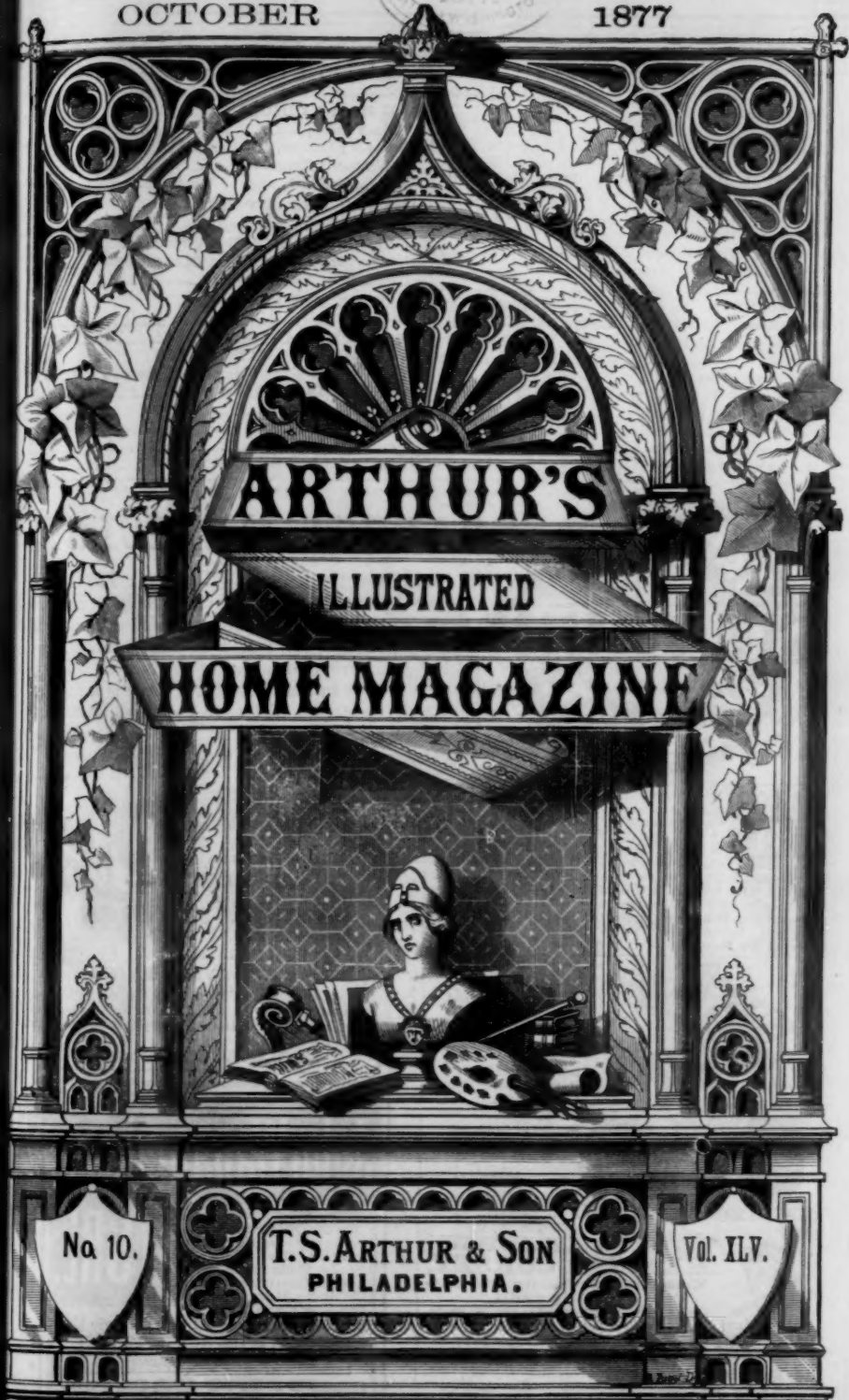


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OCTOBER

1877



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9-y.



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[Prepared expressly for "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE," by E. BUTTERICK & CO.]

# Ladies' and Children's Garments.



FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' COSTUME.—For Description see next Page.

## DESCRIPTION OF LADIES' COSTUME.

*(For Illustration see first Page.)*

**4930**  
Front View.

FIGURE NO. 1.—This costume includes a deep polonaise of camel's-hair, and a fan skirt of velvet trimmed with the same. The skirt was cut by pattern No. 4886, which is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and costs 35 cents.

The polonaise was shaped by model No. 4920, which is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, while its price is 35 cents. To make the costume for a lady of medium size, 11½ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be needed; the polonaise requiring 7 yards, and the skirt 4½ yards.

Suit goods of any description, either alone or in combination with material contrasting in shade, make up stylishly by these models.



**4930**  
Back View.

## LADIES' BASQUE.

No. 4930.—This model is adapted to any material in vogue for the purpose, and is here developed in plain suit goods. It is handsomely fitted by darts, under-arm seams, side-backs and a seam in the center of the back, but is very plainly finished with a cording of the material. The lower edges of the back portion form a serrated outline, while the sleeves are decorated with a row of buttons and simulated button-holes in front of each outside seam below the elbow. A standing collar completes the neck. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. Of material 27 inches wide, 3½ yards are needed in making the basque for a lady of medium size. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

## LADIES' DOLMAN.

No. 4975.—The pattern of this dolman is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. The material represented is cloth, with a bordering of silk fringe. The fitting is accomplished by a seam at the center of the back and another extending along the shoulder and down the inside of the arm. Two points are shaped at the front and back, which with the length of the garment produce a very graceful effect upon any figure, be it stout or slender. The neck has a rolling collar, double-pointed at the back, and the front closes its whole length with button-holes and buttons. Of material 27 inches wide, 4½ yards are needed in making the garment for a lady of medium size. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



**4975**  
Front View.



**4975**  
Back View.





**4925**  
*Front View.*



**4966**  
*Front View.*



**4966**  
*Back View.*



**4925**  
*Back View.*

#### GIRLS' DOUBLE-BREASTED PALETOT.

No. 4966.—This pretty little cloak is made of cloth and trimmed with braid. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. Of material 27 inches wide,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards are needed in making the garment for a girl of 7 years. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

#### LADIES' BASQUE.

No. 4925.—A very stylish basque is illustrated by these engravings, and is composed of camel's-hair, with a vest, collar, cuffs and pockets of velvet. It is neatly fitted, and is closed and ornamented with large velvet buttons, and real and simulated button-holes. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the basque for a lady of medium size,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 27-inch-wide goods, with  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 20 inches wide, are needed. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



**4935**  
*Front View.*



**4974**  
*Front View.*



**4974**  
*Back View.*

#### GIRLS' OVER-SKIRT, WITH KILTED BACK.

No. 4974.—The pattern to this pretty garment is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. To make the garment for a girl of six years,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard of goods, 27 inches wide, will be needed. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



**4935**  
*Back View.*

#### LADIES' SACK, GORED TO THE SHOULDER.

No. 4935.—The pattern to this sack is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. In making a sack of this description, any style of material used for street sacks may be employed; and if the finish represented is considered too plain, bands, folds, braids, fur or galloons of any kind may be substituted for it. Cordings or pipings form a pretty finish for the edge. Of material 27 inches wide, 4 yards are needed in making the garment for a lady of medium size. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



**4949**

*Front View.*



**4949**

*Back View.*

**BOYS' SINGLE-BREASTED, CUTAWAY PALETOT.**

No. 4949.—This pattern is in 6 sizes for boys from 10 to 15 years of age, and calls for 3 yards of goods, 27 inches wide, in making the garment for a boy of 14 years. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



**4939**

*Front View.*



**4939**

*Back View.*

**LITTLE BOYS' DOUBLE-BREASTED, SACK OVERCOAT.**

No. 4939.—This pattern is in 4 sizes for boys from 2 to 5 years of age, and its price is 25 cents. To make the garment for a boy of 4 years, 2 yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required.



**4952**

*Front View.*



**4952**

*Back View.*

**BOYS' SINGLE-BREASTED JACKET.**

No. 4952.—Of material 27 inches wide,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard are needed in making this jacket for a boy of 6 years. The pattern is in 8 sizes for boys from 3 to 10 years of age, and costs 20 cents.



**4943**

*Front View.*



**4943**

*Back View.*

**BOYS' SINGLE-BREASTED, SACK COAT.**

No. 4943.—This pattern is in 6 sizes for boys from 10 to 15 years of age, and costs 25 cents. Of material 27 inches wide,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards will be required in making the coat for a boy of 12 years.



**4954**

*Front View.*



**4954**

*Back View.*

**BOYS' DOLMAN OVERCOAT.**

No. 4954.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for boys from 3 to 10 years of age, and costs 25 cents. To make the garment for a boy of 9 years,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of goods, 54 inches wide, will be required.



**4940**

*Front View.*



**4940**

*Back View.*

**CHILD'S SPANISH BLOUSE.**

No. 4940.—This pattern is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age. To make the blouse for a child of 4 years,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



4961

*Front View.*

4961

*Back View.*CHILD'S DRESS, WITH FRONT CLOSED  
DIAGONALLY.

No. 4961.—This pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age, and costs 20 cents. To make the dress for a child of 5 years,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of goods, 27 inches wide, are necessary.



4941

*Front View.*

4941

*Back View.*

## LITTLE BOYS' COSTUME.

No. 4941.—This pattern is in 5 sizes for boys from 2 to 6 years of age, and calls for  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of goods, 27 inches wide, in making the costume for a boy of 4 years. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



4953

*Front View.*

4953

*Back View.*

## BOYS' JACKET, WITH SHAWL COLLAR.

No. 4953.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for boys from 3 to 10 years of age. To make the garment for a boy of 8 years, 2 yards of good ; 27 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



4945

*Front View.*

4945

*Back View.*

## BOYS' DOUBLE-BREASTED SACK COAT.

No. 4945.—This pattern is in 6 sizes for boys from 10 to 15 years of age. To make the garment for a boy of 13 years,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of goods, 27 inches wide, are needed. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



4977

*Front View.*

4977

*Back View.*

## MISSES' BASQUE, BUTTONED AT THE BACK.

No. 4977.—There are 8 sizes of this pattern for misses from 8 to 15 years of age; and  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of material, 27 inches wide, are needed in making the garment for a miss of 13 years. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



4978

*Front View.*

4978

*Back View.*

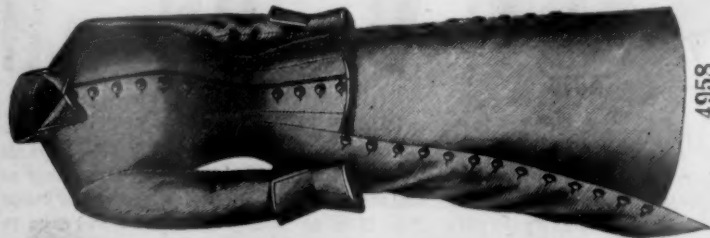
## LADIES' PLAIN WAIST, (VERY LONG.)

No. 4978.—Of material 27 inches wide,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards are needed in making this waist for a lady of medium size. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 48 inches, bust measure, and costs 15 cents.

LADIES' POLONAISE, WITH ADJUSTABLE FRONT-GORE.

No. 4958.

This elegant polonaise is made of suit goods and trimmed with pearl buttons and a ribbon bow. It is stylishly fitted by darts at the bust and under the arms, and by side seams and a seam at the center of the back. The skirt of the back presents plain straight drapery, and the front has an adjustable gore that may be worn or omitted at pleasure; or it may be made of a contrasting material if a plastron of the same is added to the waist. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 35 cents. Of material 27 inches wide, 7½ yards are needed in making the garment represented for a lady of medium size.



4958

Front View.



4958

Back View.



4963

Front View.



4963

Back View.

LADIES' POLONAISE.

No. 4963.

This polonaise is made of suit goods and finished with pipings of a contrasting material. It has a basque front fitted by the customary darts and falling over a deep round *tablier*. The back is adjusted by seams to the shoulders, and has a gathered skirt portion so arranged as to form a pendant loop and a square fan. The effect is stylish in the extreme, and the model is

all a lady could desire to make her figure look symmetrical. No trimming is used upon the model, though flat bands or folds or galloons may be added to all portions, and fringe or lace to the *tablier*. The pattern costs 35 cents, and is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. Of material 27 inches wide, 7½ yards are needed in making the garment for a lady of medium size.



LADIES' POLONAISE.



1969

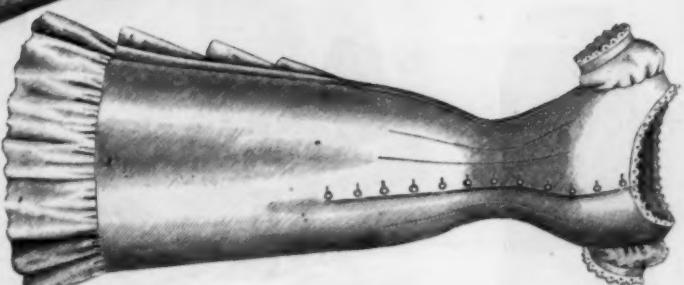
Front View.

pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. Of material 27 inches wide, 66 yards are needed in making the garment for a lady of medium size. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



4969

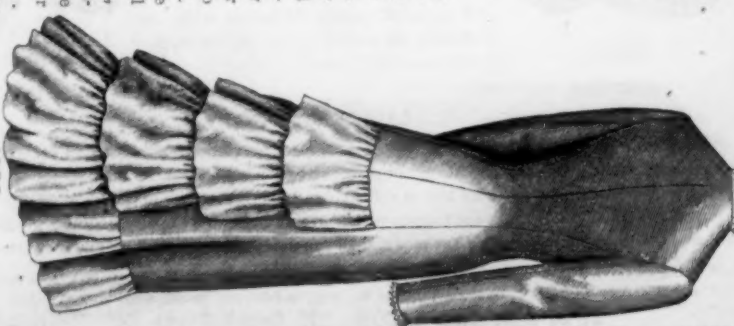
Back View.



1960

Front View.

under a thin dress the material most used is Sillesia, and the flounces are omitted. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, from 6 1/2 to 7 yards of 36-inch-wide goods, according to the sleeve desired, will be needed. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



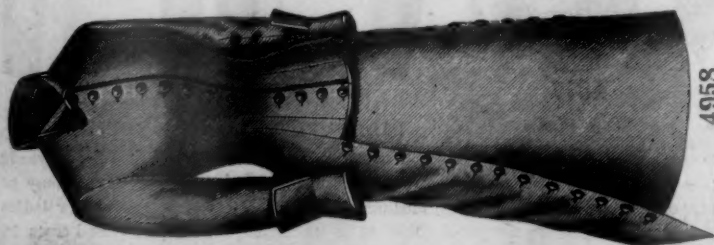
1960

Back View.

LADIES' COMBINATION PETTICOAT, COSET-AND BUSTLE; OR, LADIES' UNDER-DRESS.

No. 4960.

The advantages of a dress of this description are readily seen, and need no comment to draw particular attention to the model. Muslin is the material made up, though flannel may be used for winter. When worn



4958

*Front View.*

4958

*Back View.*

4963

*Front View.*

4963

*Back View.*

# **LADIES' POLONAISE.**

No. 4963.—

This polonaise is made of suit goods and finished with pipings of a contrasting material. It has a basque front fitted by the customary darts and falling over a deep round *tablier*.

The back is adjusted by seams to the shoulders, and has a gathered skirt portion so arranged as to form a pendant loop and a square fan.

The effect is stylish in the extreme, and the model is

all a lady could desire to make her figure look symmetrical. No trimming is used upon the model, though flat bands or folds or galloons may be added to all portions, and fringe or lace to the *tablier*. The pattern costs 35 cents, and is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. Of material 27 inches wide,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  yards are needed in making the garment for a lady of medium size.

# **LADIES' POLONAISE, WITH ADJUSTABLE FRONT-GORE.**

No. 4958.—

This elegant polonaise is made of suit goods and trimmed with pearl buttons and a ribbon bow. It is stylishly fitted by darts at the bust and under the arms, and by side seams and a seam at the center of the back. The skirt of the back presents plain straight drapery, and the front has

an adjustable gore that may

be worn or omitted at pleasure; or it may be made of a contrasting material if a plastron of the same is added to the waist. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 35 cents. Of material 27 inches wide, 7 yards are needed in making the garment represented for a lady of medium size.

LADIES' POLOX-AISE.

No. 4969.—Suit goods, with pipings of contrasting color and pearl Breton buttons, are illustrated in this model.



4969  
Front View.

pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. Of material 27 inches wide,  $\frac{6}{8}$  yards are needed in making the garment for a lady of medium size. Price of pattern, 35 cents.

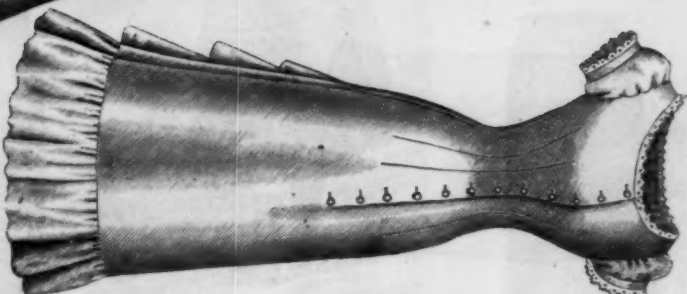


4969  
Back View.

under a thin dress the material most used is Sillesia, and the flounces are omitted. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, from  $\frac{6}{8}$  to 7 yards of 36-inch-wide goods, according to the sleeve desired, will be needed. Price of pattern, 35 cents.

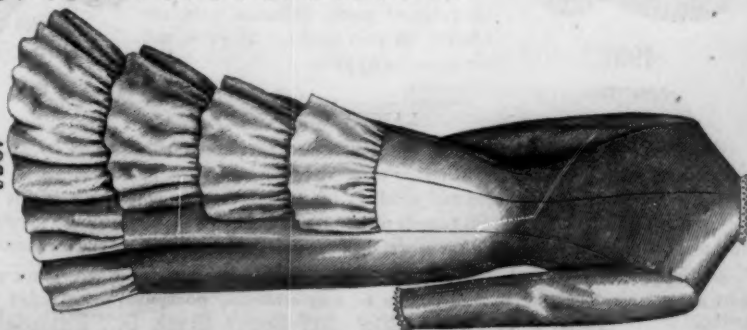
LADIES' COMBINATION PETTICOAT, COVER AND BUSTLE; OR, LADIES' UNDER-DRESS.

No. 4960.—The advantages of a dress of this description are readily seen, and need no comment to draw particular attention to the model. Minstrel is the material made up, though flannel may be used for winter.



4960  
Front View.

When worn under a thin dress the material most used is Sillesia, and the flounces are omitted. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, from  $\frac{6}{8}$  to 7 yards of 36-inch-wide goods, according to the sleeve desired, will be needed. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



4960  
Back View.

When worn under a thin dress the material most used is Sillesia, and the flounces are omitted. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, from  $\frac{6}{8}$  to 7 yards of 36-inch-wide goods, according to the sleeve desired, will be needed. Price of pattern, 35 cents.

## DESCRIPTION OF GIRLS' COSTUME.

FIGURE No. 2.—The skirt to this costume was cut by pattern No. 4354, which is in 8 sizes for girls from 2 to 9 years, and costs 20 cents. The polonaise is cut by model No. 4926, which is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age and costs 25 cents. To make the cos-



4932

*Right Side View.*

## LADIES' OVER-SKIRT, BUT-

No. 4932.—The pattern to this for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, costs. Of material 27 inches making the over-skirt for a lady the galloon illustrated may be plain braid substituted.



4932

*Left Side View.*

## TONED AT THE SIDE.

graceful over-skirt is in 9 sizes waist measure, and costs 30 wide,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards are needed in of medium size. If preferred, omitted, and bands, folds or



FIGURE No. 2.—GIRLS' COSTUME.



4937

*Front View.*

tume as represented for a girl of 6 years,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods, 27 inches wide, are needed; the skirt requiring  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards, and the polonaise  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards.



4937

*Back View.*

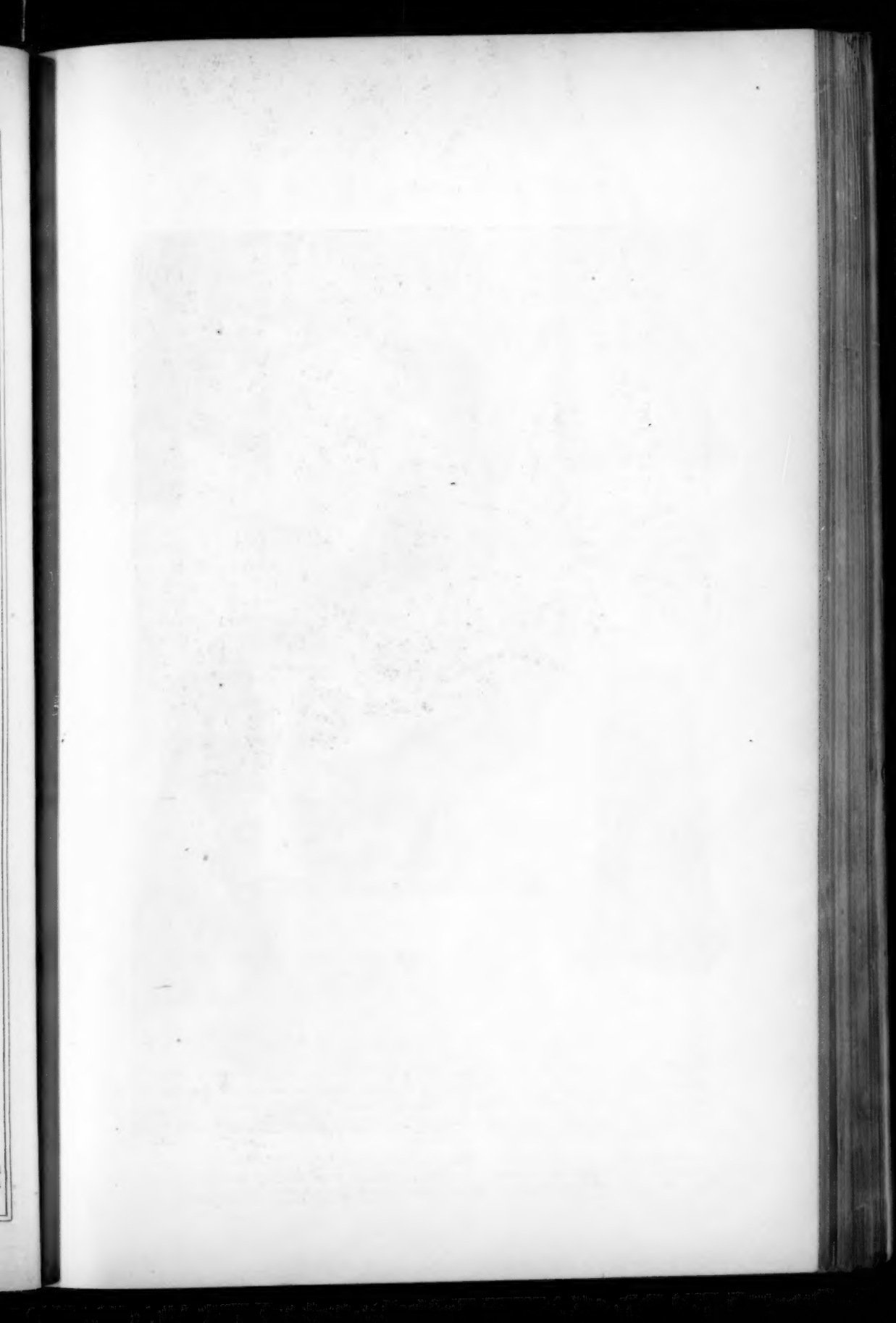
## LADIES OVER-SKIRT.

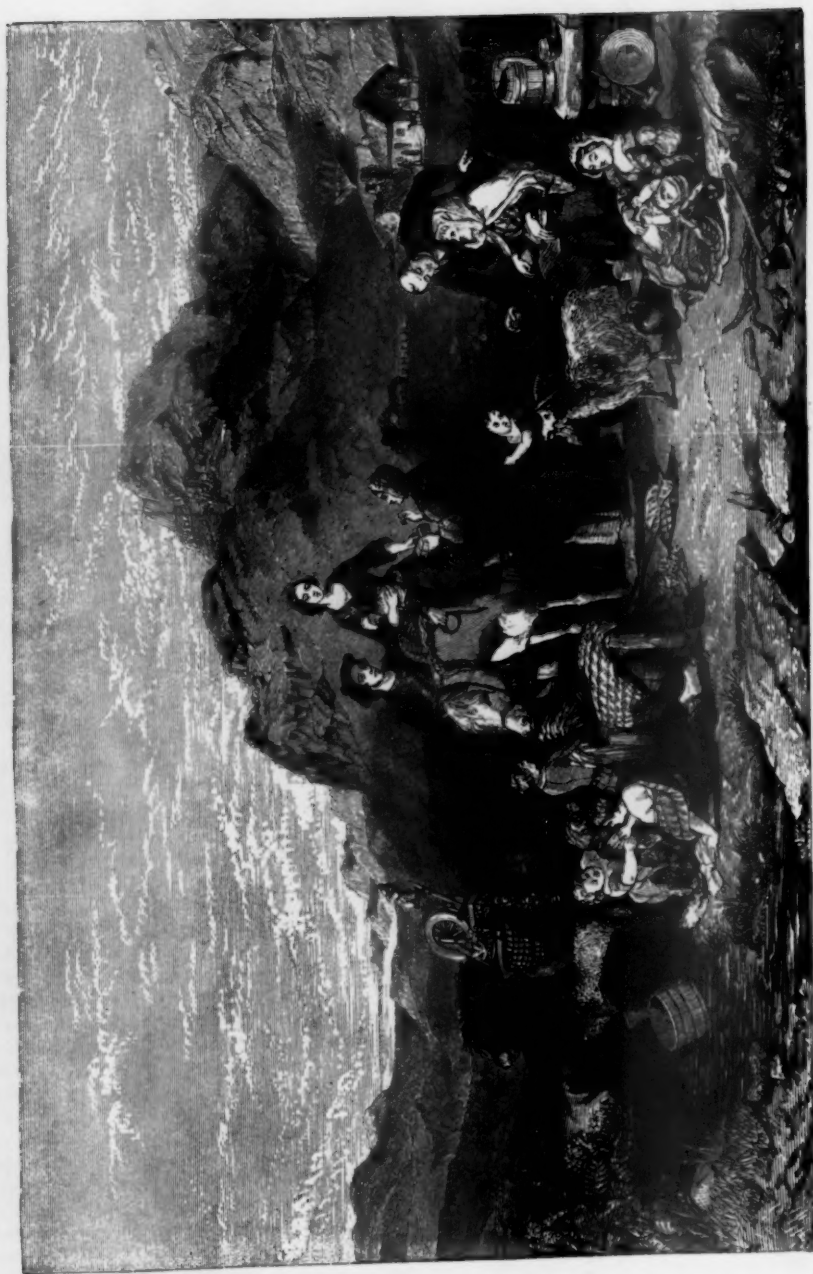
No. 4937.—The pattern to this garment is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and costs 30 cents. Of material 27 inches wide,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards are needed in making the garment for a lady of medium size. Sometimes ladies add a fall of fringe or lace to the lower edges of the gores and trim the breadth as illustrated or leave it entirely plain. Either method is popular and may be adopted at the discretion of the wearer. Velvet folds are very stylish upon silk or camel's-hair, or any handsome woolen goods.

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T. S. ARTHUR & SON, 227 South Sixth St., Philadelphia, Pa.







HIGHLAND BRIDES DEPARTURE.—Page 665.

# ARTHUR'S

## ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

Vol. XLV.

OCTOBER, 1877.

No. 10.



FLORIDA SCENERY.

### FLORIDA.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

FLORIDA is published by J. B. Lippincott & Co. as a "Hand-book and Guide to Florida," the literary work of the well-known and promising young poet, Sidney Lanier. Everybody understands that guide-books are, for the most part, exceedingly dry reading, being merely a collection of bare descriptions and facts, gathered together for the purpose of furnishing needed information to the traveler. But everybody will be taken by surprise for once, upon examining this book, for it partakes more of the character of a vivacious book of travels, than of the mere prosy guide-book. It is even more than this, for its author, seeing with a poet's eye, and enjoying with a poet's rare capacity for enjoyment, has furnished us a rare literary feast, the real delicacy and aroma of which will be perceived to the full by those of refined sensibilities.

In the present article, we shall take the liberty of quoting at will from this book, but shall not depend entirely upon it for information—drawing that from all sources within our reach.

Florida being the first point where an European settlement was made, after the discovery of the New World by Columbus, it has been the very last of the

Atlantic States to reach a condition of quietude. Its history for more than three hundred years has been written in blood. In 1512, Ponce de Leon, in search of the fountain of youth, set foot upon Florida on a Palm Sunday, and in honor of the day, called in Spanish, *Pascua Florida*, he bestowed the name which it has ever since retained. Closely followed both Spanish and French colonies, between which there were constant jealousy, contention and bloodshed. The Indians treacherously dealt with by both parties, persecuted, and were persecuted by turns. There is a story connected with these Indians, which, as Lanier says, "should prompt the world to hold the legends of it in even higher reverence than the Virginian Pocahontas." It is of an Indian princess, who, to save a captive whom her father was about to put to death of extreme torture, interceded for him, and obtained his release, and then to put him out of the way of her father's vengeance, sent him to the care of her lover, who was the chief of another tribe. This chief, having accepted the charge intrusted to him by his betrothed, refused to give the prisoner up; whereupon the father refused to let him have his daughter in marriage. "He refused to the end; to the end Hirrihigua's daughter upheld him in the refusal; and to the end this savage man and woman, for pure honor, expended



HIGHLAND BRIDES DEPARTURE - 1880



# ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLV.

OCTOBER, 1877.

No. 10.



SILVER SPRING.

## FLORIDA.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

THERE is published by J. B. Lippincott & Co. a "Hand-book and Guide to Florida," the literary work of the well-known and promising young poet, Sidney Lanier. Everybody comprehends that guide-books are, for the most part, exceedingly dry reading, being merely a collection of bare descriptions and facts, gathered together for the purpose of furnishing needed information to the traveller. But everybody will be taken by surprise for once, upon examining this book, for it partakes more of the character of a vivacious book of travels, than of the mere prosy guide-book. It is even more than this, for its author, seeing with a poet's eye, and enjoying with a poet's rare capacity for enjoyment, has furnished us a rare literary feast, the real delicacy and aroma of which will be perceived to the full by those of refined sensibilities.

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their love's happiness to save a foreigner who had come to conquer them."

Warfare and disaster continued to be the order of the day, down to the latter half of the seventeenth century, when a new element was added by the appearance of English upon the scene—which, instead of bettering affairs, made them worse. Still later came the complications arising from run-away slaves, absconding debtors and escaped criminals from the adjoining English colonies. In 1763 Florida was ceded to England by Spain, and though this infused new life into the long-suffering, much persecuted country, its troubles were not yet at an end. The war of the Revolution closely followed. Florida became an asylum for the Tories and Loyalists of Georgia and North Carolina, and the colony was more or less disturbed by intestine trouble. In 1783, Great Britain brought consternation to the unhappy Floridians by ceding their country to Spain. They were required to leave the country within eighteen months, and they scattered in various directions. From this time forth Florida was "a mere borderland, torn with Indian fights, and with irregular conflicts of adventuring parties and of ill-advised republican frontiersmen."

In 1812, General Jackson captured Pensacola by storm. In 1818 came the same general's expedition against the Seminoles. In 1819 Florida became finally a possession of the United States. As late as 1835, came a bloody massacre of United States troops by the Indians, followed by a long and bloody Indian war, which continued until 1842. Then peace settled down upon the land at last, but not, as yet, prosperity. It was a country thinly settled, with all its resources undeveloped, and without any manufacturing interests to build up communities.

Florida continued in this quiet, dead-and-alive state, until the close of the late civil war, when there seemed to be an awakening among the people of the United States to its rare climate and agricultural advantages. There was an influx of Northern colonists, who made themselves winter homes upon the shores of its beautiful rivers; and, in the winter, of numerous pilgrims who found their way thither in search of health.

Geologically, Florida is a new country. It has been, and still is, rising out of the waters of the gulf and ocean. In addition to this, the Atlantic is sweeping up her sands on the eastern side, building out the ground in that direction. The coral insects are busy all along her southern coast constructing islands, which their own labors, and the mud washed into the gulf from the Mississippi, will some day consolidate in a peninsula, joined to the southern point of Florida.

The fishing and hunting resources of this region are as yet almost entirely overlooked. The State possesses a coast line of about twelve hundred miles, where "there seems to be literally no end to the oysters, the fish, the sea-birds, the shells, the turtles, along these waters; and the shores and islands abound in the bear, deer, turkey, opossum and raccoon, and

in smaller game." This is what our author says of turtle-catching: "Here, too, one can follow that most sardonic of all sports, turtle-catching. You walk along the lovely beach at night, when the turtle has come up from the waters to deposit her hundreds of eggs; you see one; you advance, and coolly turn it over on its back—and that is all. You leave it, leisurely pursue your stroll, turn another on its back, leave it, and so on, till you are tired. When you come again on the morrow, there they are. To walk up to a turtle of a morning, after having treated him in this manner overnight, and look steadily in the eye thereof, without certain titillating sensations at once in your diaphragm (where you laugh) and in your conscience (where you do not laugh), require more grim rigidity of the former and more supple elasticity of the latter, than some people possess. Nor can there be anything in life—considered without reference to your own act in making it so—more preposterous than an upturned turtle, lying, poor innocent, on its mildly-convex back, with its mildly-white obverse staring bleakly at heaven, and its flippers wriggling in flabby helplessness toward the four quarters of the earth. It seems the very self-assertion of feeble wish-wash; it looks like mere zero sick."

In the interior of the country are immense forests, which will furnish an almost inexhaustible supply of lumber. The mahogany which grows in the everglades, would alone be worth securing. These forests have called forth the praises of all sportsmen who have visited them, for their abundance of game.

The everglades, to which we have referred, occupy a large portion of the southern part of the State. They are immense swamps, rich in vegetation, and swarming with animal life. It has been discovered that they are considerably above the level of the sea, and, being so near to the coast line, it would not be an impossibility to drain them, thereby reclaiming some of the very richest land possible for agricultural purposes.

Oranges, figs, bananas, sugar-cane, tobacco, lemons, grapes, pine-apples and the ordinary small fruits of the North, grow in abundance in Florida. The orange groves are especially worthy of notice, and their products have already become a regular factor in our northern markets. These groves, bearing, as they do, twice a year, are sources of large incomes to those who have planted them.

The climate of Florida is that which gives it its special attraction to visitors and invalids. Although situated near the tropics, its temperature is moderated in both winter and summer, by its proximity to the Gulf Stream. It is, too, away from the breeding-place and track of the general storms of the United States. The main temperature of the northern portion of the State is about 70° Fahr. in spring and autumn, 80° in summer, and in winter 56°. Frosts are possible every month from October to April; but seldom occur earlier than November, or later than March. During twenty-seven years there has been found an average of two frosts for November, five

each for December and January, three for February and one for March. As the traveller goes southward, the number of these frosts diminishes, and at Key West they practically disappear. The most rain falls in summer, the least in winter.

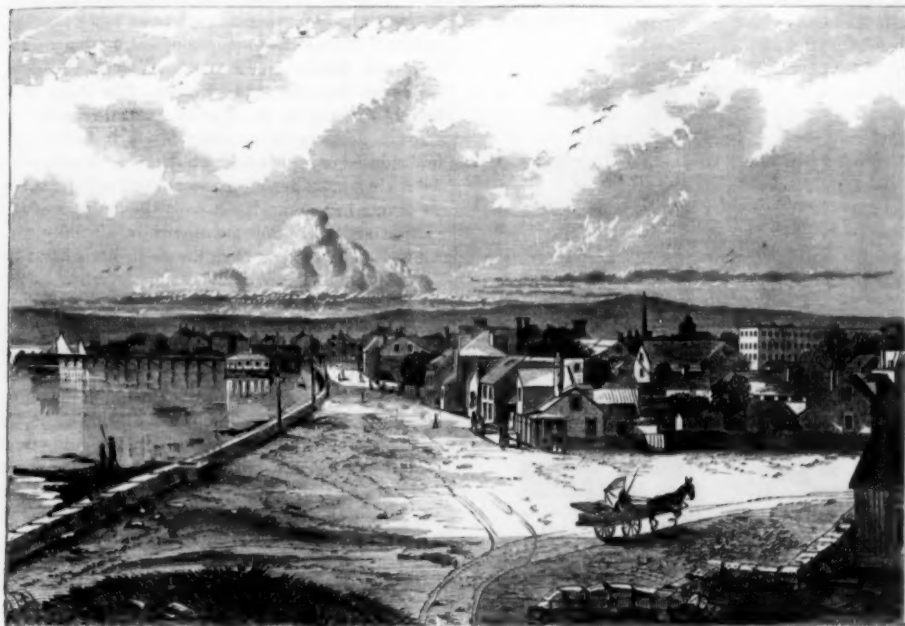
The north-west wind is cold and dry, and does the most damage to fruit. The north-east wind is cold and wet, and is the most irritating to invalids. The east wind is mild and balmy, and a perpetual delight; and the south is somewhat like it in temperature.

An impression prevails that Florida is a vast region of malaria. The salt marshes, of which there are many, are not malarious. In the interior there are numerous malarious marshes, but the invalid can easily avoid them. The diseases resulting from this

should be received with a certain respect, since he himself went to that region a confirmed consumptive, to whom physicians gave little hope, and found there, as he believes, complete restoration to health.

St. Augustine is not only the oldest town in Florida, but the oldest settlement in America. It is a sleepy, quiet old town, with a quaint, Spanish air, as though the ghosts of its early settlers still wandered the streets at night-time. Its streets are narrow, its houses have foreign-looking, overhanging balconies; and there are many other relics of its early days. It has a resident population of about two thousand, swelled during the winter by probably six to ten thousand visitors.

The town is situated at the mouth of a lagoon, which forms an excellent harbor when once the bar



ST. AUGUSTINE.—SEA-WALL; LOOKING FROM FORT MARION.

malaria are of a much milder type than in any other locality. Statistics prove that the death-rate from remittent fevers is very small.

The invalid must not go to Florida with the expectation of finding summer weather in mid-winter. True, the roses bloom in February, and fruit is found upon the orange-trees; but the air is cool and bracing, and even sometimes keen. Fires are required morning and evening, and frequently all day; and the visitor should be well supplied with warm under-flannels and outer wraps. With these precautions, he may enjoy the climate. But he should prolong his stay, if he wishes to see Florida under the most favorable circumstances. In April and May vegetation is at its loveliest.

Mr. Lanier believes that the climate is unequalled for consumptives and asthmatics. His opinions

is crossed. A solid wall of masonry fronts the sea. This is what our poet says about this sea-wall:

"There are many persons who have found occasion to carp at this sea-wall, and to revile the United States Government for having gone to the great expense involved in its construction, with no other result than that of furnishing a promenade for lovers. But these are ill-advised persons: it is easily demonstrable that this last is one of the most legitimate functions of government. Was not the encouragement of marriage a direct object of many noted Roman laws? And why should not the Government of the United States 'protect' true love as well as pig iron? Viewed purely from the standpoint of political economy, is not the former full as necessary to the existence of the State as the latter?"

There are many points of interest near the city,

which will attract the excursionist. There are the North and South Beaches; Anastasia Island, with its lighthouses; Fort Marion; Mantanzas Inlet, where rare attractions are found for three or four days of camp life. Then there is Sulphur Spring, which boils up, two and one-half miles off Matanzas. It is a fresh spring, which rises up through the salt water, one hundred and thirty-two feet, though the depth around the fountain is only about fifty feet.

The St. Johns River, the principal river in Florida, is a most remarkable stream in some respects. In the first place, it flows from the end of the peninsula, toward the north—if, with its sluggish current, it can be said to flow at all—while most of the rivers of the United States take a more or less southerly direction. It is between three hundred and four hundred miles in length; yet it has been ascertained, by actual scientific survey, that the surface of the water at its



PALMETTO, WITH PARASITES.

mouth is only three feet six inches lower than what it is two hundred and fifty miles above—giving an average fall of less than a sixth of an inch to a mile. Its source is not more than twelve miles from the ocean into which it empties itself, and with which it keeps an almost parallel course. In fact, its west bank probably outlines the former coast line, and the ground intervening now between the river and the ocean has been swept in by the sand-laden waves. The same process has recommenced in the case of Indian River, a long lagoon which runs along the present Florida coast. The tide furnishes almost the only current of the St. Johns. It is a broad river, never less than a mile, and often three miles, in width, and its course is marked by a series of lakes which broaden out the stream still more.

The town of Jacksonville is situated upon the St. Johns, just above the final bend of the river where it

turns from its northern course to the eastward. It is a modern town, and its greatest growth and prosperity has been within the last dozen years. In 1806 there were but one thousand, seven hundred inhabitants, a majority of them negroes, drawing their main subsistence from the charities of the nation. The resident population is now between twelve and fourteen thousand, and in winter it is thronged with visitors from the North.

Floating up the St. Johns on one of the river steamers, settlements are passed along its banks, most of them the result of the enterprise of northern colonists. Some little distance above Jacksonville, on the left, is Mandarin, near which Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe has her winter residence—a small, picturesque cottage, overshadowed by a magnificent tree. It is not far from here that Mrs. Mary Treat, the lady who is fast becoming known as a naturalist, and who, during the past season, has written up the birds and flowers of Florida for *Harper's Magazine*, has spent the past three winters. She is an indefatigable worker in the field of natural history, and accounts nothing as too difficult which shall secure her knowledge in this field of science. Meeting her last spring, after her return from the land of flowers, we found her enthusiastic over the beauties of the Florida swamps. She mentioned incidentally that she was still suffering from the chills brought on by the miasma of these same swamps. When we expressed our regret that she should thus expose herself, she exclaimed: "Oh, that is nothing! I would suffer more than that, than lose what those swamps offered me!"

It may be interesting here to mention that Mrs. Treat has re-discovered in these Florida swamps a rare yellow water-lily, which was first seen in one of Audubon's sketches, but which, as the actual flower could not be found, has been hitherto considered as a mere freak of fancy of that great naturalist, although he was known to have been conscientiously accurate in all other cases.

The scenery of the St. Johns, as viewed from the river, is tame and common-place. The river is so wide, that the really low banks seem still more dwarfed to the eye. But some of its tributaries are rarely beautiful. The guide-book before us gives, in its second chapter, a description of a journey up the Ocklawaha River, a tributary of the St. Johns, emptying into it about one hundred miles above its mouth. We copy the description:

"For many miles together the Ocklawaha is a river without banks, though not less clearly defined as a stream for that reason. The swift, deep current meanders between tall lines of trees; beyond these, on each side, there is water also,—a thousand shallow rivulets lapsing past the bases of multitudes of trees. Along the immediate edges of the stream, every tree-trunk, sapling, stump or other projecting coign of vantage, is wrapped about with a close-growing vine. At first, like an unending procession of nuns disposed along the aisle of a church these vine-figures stand. But presently, as one journeys, this nun-



magery fades out of the mind, and a thousand other fancies float with ever-new vine-shapes into one's eyes. \* \* \* The edges of the stream are further defined by flowers and water-leaves. The tall, blue flags; the ineffable lilies sitting on their round lily-pads, like white queens on green thrones; the tiny stars and long ribbons of the water-grasses; the pretty phalanxes of a species of 'bonnet' which from a long stem that swings off down stream along the surface, sends up a hundred little graceful stemlets, each bearing a shield-like disk, and holding it aloft as the antique soldiers held their bucklers to form the *testudo*, or tortoise, in attacking. All these border the river in infinite varieties of purpling and chasement. The river itself has an errant fantasy, and takes many shapes. Presently it comes to where it seems to fork into four separate curves above and below. 'Them's the Windin'-blades,' said my raftsmen. To look down these lovely vistas, is like looking down the dreams of some pure young girl's soul; and the gray-moss-bearded trees gravely lean over them in contemplative attitudes, as if they were studying—in the way strong men should study—the mysteries and sacrednesses and tender depths of some visible reverie of maidenhood."

Mr. Lanier's description of Silver Spring Run, and Silver Spring itself, is also worthy of quotation:

"The Marion now left the Ocklawaha, and turned into the run. How shall one speak quietly of this journey over transparency? The run is very deep; the white bottom seems hollowed out in a continual succession of large spherical holes, whose entire contents of darting fish, of under-mosses, of flowers, of submerged trees, of lily-stems and of grass-ribbons, revealed themselves to us through the lucent fluid as we sailed along thereover. The series of convex bodies of water filling these white cavities, impressed one like a chain of globular worlds composed of transparent lymph. Great numbers of keen-snouted, blade-bodied gar-fish shot to and fro, in unceasing motion beneath us: it seemed as if the under-worlds were filled with a multitude of crossing sword-blades, wielded in tireless thrust and parry by invisible arms.

"The shores, too, had changed. They now opened out into clear savannas, overgrown with a broad-leaved grass, to a perfect level two or three feet above the water, and stretching back to boundaries of cypress and oaks; and occasionally, as we passed one of these expanses curving into the forest, with a diameter of half a mile, a single palmetto might be seen in or near the centre—perfect type of that lonesome solitude which the German names *einsamkeit*—onesomeness. Then, again, the cypress and palmettos would swarm to the stream, and line its banks. Thus for nine miles, counting our gigantic roary of water-wonders and loveliness, we fared on. Then we

rounded to, in the very bosom of the Silver Spring itself, and came to wharf. \* \* \* I ceased to acquire knowledge, and got me back to the wonderful spring, drifting over it, face downwards, as over a new world of delight.

"It is sixty feet deep a few feet off shore, and covers an irregular space of several acres before contracting into its outlet—the run. But this sixty feet does not at all represent the actual impression of depth which one receives, as one looks through the superincumbent water down to the clearly-revealed bottom. The distinct sensation is, that although the bottom there is clearly seen, and although all the objects in it are of their natural size, undiminished by any narrowing of the visual angle, yet it and they are seen from a great distance. It is as if depth itself—that subtle abstraction—had been compressed into crystal lymph, one inch of which would represent miles of ordinary depth.



RESIDENCE OF MRS. STOWE.

"As one rises from gazing into these quaint profundities, and glances across the broad surface of the spring, one's eye is met by a charming mosaic of brilliant hues. The water-plain varies in color, according to what it lies upon. Over the pure white limestone and shells of the bottom, it is a perfect malachite green; over the water-grass it is a much darker green; over the sombre moss it is that rich brown-green which Bodmer's forest-engravings so vividly suggest; over neutral bottoms it reflects the sky's or the clouds' colors. All these views are further varied by mixture with the manifold shades of foliage-reflections cast from overhanging bosage near the shore and still further by the angle of the observer's eye."

With the above quotation we close, feeling that, though in the limits of a magazine article it is impossible to give an adequate description of Florida, enough has been said to awaken the interest of all who care to know of the beauties and resources of their country, and possibly to attract thither some, who may be in search of health, or of a milder winter climate.

## THE WOMAN ASHER LOVED.

BY MADGE CARROL.

"SEE here, Zelia De Witt, you'r ornamental, decidedly, but not in the least useful; therefore I'd like to know when you intend marrying Chadd, and taking yourself out of my bachelor den."

"I don't think I shall marry him at all," was the careless answer.

"Now, Zele, don't be ridiculous. You married for what was supposed to be love the first time, and how much did you make by it? Asher spent on you as he went, leaving you penniless, and with a big boy to support. If you don't marry Chadd for your own sake, do it for Earl's."

"He's too repulsive, Bob; too abominable every way. I've been trying to make up my mind for the last six months, and failed; now I think maybe I can do better."

"How so?" asked her brother, all interest.

"Put your hand in my pocket and you'll find a letter. Never mind, I've something to tell you first. You know Asher was engaged when he met me."

"No, I don't; you were living in clover then at poor Uncle Damon's expense, and had the coldest kind of a cold shoulder for brother Bob; I knew nothing about your affairs. Well, what of this engagement?"

"He broke it for my sake; or rather, asked and obtained release. Asher was country-bred; you know that much, I'm certain. When his parents died, a Mrs. Broadway took and raised him. Being a well-to-do widow, and childless, from what I understand her house must have been a sort of asylum, and the lady Asher engaged himself to was also one of its orphans. 'If ever you need a friend,' he has often said, 'write to Miss Agatha Barron of Glenville.' I wrote last week, and here is her answer."

Bob Porter took the letter, and, after the introductory formalities, read as follows:

"There was no need for you to hesitate about addressing me. The dead past has, I trust, buried its dead. I expect to be married next September to a worthy gentleman, and hope to be very happy. It will give me great pleasure to welcome you and your son to the little cottage where, since my aunt, Mrs. Broadway, died, I have been living comparatively alone. If you like it, our ways and us, I shall be only too happy if you will take charge of the place after I leave, and use it as if it were your very own. Enclosed please find a check for defraying necessary and incidental expenses, and come on as soon as possible; with the intention, too, of making this your home."

"She evidently expects me to turn dairy-maid and Earl cow-boy; but we shall see what we shall see."

"Upon my word, Zelia, if you haven't brass enough to stock a foundry, I don't understand business. What did you tell Miss Barron in order to bring forth such an offer as this?"

"Told her I was in destitute circumstances; and so I am."

"Not while you can put your hand in mine or any other male relative's pocket."

"I'm tired of putting it in and getting nothing out."

"You mean to go, then?"

"Certainly; it will be nice to spend the summer there. If I can't do better, I'll make the old lady take me with her to her new home."

"Is she ancient?"

"She's ever so much older than Asher, and he was thirty-seven when he died, two years ago."

"Old and silly, too, else she wouldn't be taking you in after this fashion. Zele, you always were lucky; but who ever heard of anything like this before? You take away Miss Barron's cloak; she gives you her coat also. In other words, you take from her a husband, and she gives you a house. However, it's always been that way; if you couldn't get what you reached after, somebody stood ready to give it to you."

Bob Porter was right. Too shallow to scheme and lay plans, Zelia De Witt had such rare beauty as renders its possessor independent of these, as wins and carries the day without the exercise of wisdom or discretion. She was thirty, yet looked little more than half that age; and what with her golden hair, and blue eyes with golden lights in them, that infantile fairness and roundness of cheek and chin, that rosy, "please-won't-you-do-something-to-make-me-happy" mouth, it was, as her brother said, if she couldn't get what she wanted, somebody stood ready to give it to her.

"The dead past has, I trust, buried its dead." So, in good faith, wrote Agatha Barron; yet what an overflowing cup memory held up while she dressed the rooms with flowers for Asher's wife and son. "My little boy." Such was the wording of Zelia De Witt's letter. To be confronted with a well-grown lad of thirteen, the very counterpart of her lost lover as he stood or walked before her in the dear old days, was almost more than Miss Barron could bear. Mrs. De Witt was not wise, neither was she a fool, and the effect of this meeting was not lost upon her. In no respect was her hostess a personage to be despised; it was something to have won the lover of such a woman away. She might, with truth perhaps, have been called "old," this lady with the leaf-brown hair and eyes, and the carriage of an empress, yet the "ever so much" overbalancing her age with Asher's consisted of but one month and two days. Mrs. De Witt having succeeded in wheedling everything out of her husband, was pleased to exaggerate in this as in other respects.

"Do tell me who lives in that handsome house on the hill—that gray stone, with the fountains, statuary and rose-gardens?" was one of the first questions with which the newly-arrived guest besieged her hostess.

"Mr. Courtney," was the reply.

Impelled by a certain animal-like keenness of scent which oftentimes serves these lower natures, and serves them well, too, Mrs. De Witt pushed her

inquiries. The owner of those enviable possessions was a widower, father of three daughters under eighteen, and Miss Barron's betrothed.

Having ascertained thus much, Mrs. De Witt was content to have the subject drop for the time. She saw him that evening. The sun was gone, but there remained in the sky and over the landscape that golden after-glow seen only in summer when the days are long. If Zelia De Witt ornamented her bachelor brother's "den," and she certainly did, how much more charming a picture she could make of herself under draperies of hanging vines and behind rose-engarland pillars. She wore white, with a profusion of black ribbon bows; there were purple pansies on her breast and in her yellow hair, while the glory in the west seemed lingering for the very purpose of putting those amber touches on the graceful figure, and for nothing else in the world. Beside that fair face, with its matchless tints and curves, Miss Barron's looked listless, cold. Contrasted with the varying moods of this young beauty, who threw away the pansies and wanted Earl to bring her white roses, and next pleaded for geranium leaves, Agatha's manner seemed tame and stupid.

The work was done; no need to tell how. Mr. Courtney was a gentleman, and ready to act honorably. Miss Barron none the less a lady—woman, perhaps, would be a better word, because she did what was womanly. She had not loved him with the fervor of that first passion; no, not by any means; still, losing him brought a great sorrow into her lonely life.

"You have given me a husband," said the bride, kissing her with undisguised delight—was not the very utmost she ever reached after within her very grasp? "You shall have my son; he perfectly adores you."

Miss Barron's dark eyes filled with grateful tears. She was still unable to see any fault in this creature; every shortcoming was overborne and lost in the thought that Asher had loved her. Indeed, the shallow little piece was not greatly to blame. Had plots and counterplots been necessary to secure the prize, she would have lost irretrievably. As it was, she simply took what offered, without demur, it is true; still it was hers to accept or reject, as she pleased; and the match being desirable in every respect, except disparity of age, she accepted.

With that noble boy—who did really seem to adore her—for her very own, Miss Barron's life brightened once more. It was not the life of shelter she had looked forward to; still it had its charm, and that so won upon her she came to wonder how she ever thought of matrimony while that one dear image slept in her heart of hearts. Yes, she knew at last that her affection for Asher De Witt remained unchanged. That boy was his boy; the woman revelling in all she hoped to call her own was the woman he loved. With the thorough, unselfish devotion of a noble nature, she gazed unwearingly upon the golden hair, the amber-lighted eyes, the beautiful neck and arms, with this one thought—Asher had

loved her, had prized those charms, and henceforth no shadow she could avert should cross that perfect brow.

"So, Zele, you've coaxed your old man into wintering in the city, have you? What's become of his girls, and where's your boy?"

Bob's den was as much a den as ever. Mrs. Courtney gathered her silken skirts about her before sitting down.

"Earl is with Miss Barron," she answered; "but I don't intend he shall stay. I've come with the determination of making this place my home, and want him with me. As for the girls, they've pouted ever since I married their father. They wanted ma Agatha, and didn't want me. Well, they're rid of me; I shall never consent to going back to Glenville, or living under the same roof with them again. I expect to send for Earl next week."

She did so, and for the third and last time Agatha Barron's home was rendered desolate, and by the woman Asher loved.

The months came and went; heat and cold inter-lapping and changing places, snow dropping in upon spring's greening grasses, redness of summer roses lying along autumnal hillsides, leaf ashes heaping altars of ice; and through all Agatha Barron went on with her sombre existence, as though for her there was but one season—the season of death and cold. Losing Earl, her heart seemed to have received its death wound; she bled inwardly, the while her outward life was calm and full of kindly words and deeds. If Earl, if his mother were happy, she meant to be content. In every letter that passed between her and the child she loved, she would ask: "Is my boy happy?" When he would answer in his bright way, she murmured, "Then I must be happy, too."

At last there came a day—after all not so very long delayed—when Agatha Barron's life of self-sacrifice and patient waiting met its full and fair reward. Mrs. Courtney was ill, nigh unto death; would she journey that far to see her?

They met once more in a darkened chamber. The amber-lights burnt out of the blue eyes, the once lovely face looking gray and old on its tumbled pillow.

"The doctor says maybe I'll never get well. I don't think it's that bad; anyway, I want to give you something I've been keeping back. Take it, go away, and forgive me if you can."

When told that he must die, Asher De Witt wrote and sealed a letter to be sent to Miss Barron. It was this she received five years later, and with its seal broken. He married Zelia Porter for her beauty, afterward repenting bitterly. He had no fault to find with her, however; she was true to her nature, and, in her way, had been fond of him. If Agatha could forgive him, would she take a sisterly interest in this helpless widow and her young son.

When Zelia Courtney, fully restored to health and beauty, met Agatha Barron once again, something irradiated those features, pervaded that manner, she never saw before, and, in her shallow way, she won-

dered at it. It was this thought, falling like fountain spray back over the barren years, and making the time to come beautiful as with singing birds and flowers: that rose-fair creature with her sunny hair and amber-gleaming eyes had worn his ring, had born his name; but she—she herself and none other—was the woman Asher loved.

#### KURDISTAN.

**K**URDISTAN, or the country of the Kurds, is a region of country in Western Asia, lying about midway between the eastern extremity of the Black Sea and the Persian Gulf. It can scarcely be called a geographical division, since it seems to have no definite boundaries, no two authorities agreeing concerning them. A portion of the country of the

try is very mountainous, some of the peaks rising nearly thirteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. These mountain ranges divide the surface of the country into fertile valleys and extensive tablelands. The southern part is low and flat, and parched and dry in summer, though green with vegetation during the wet season.

The inhabitants are a mixture of Turks, Kurds and Persians. The larger proportion are Kurds, a race partly nomadic, and partly agricultural. Their chief occupation is the breeding of horses, cattle and sheep. The Kurdish breed of horses is so famed for its spirit and endurance, that it is in great demand, and is almost exclusively employed by the Turkish and Persian cavalry.

These people are a very handsome, vigorous race, their life in the open air serving to perfect them



NATIVES OF KURDISTAN.

Kurds lies in Turkey in Asia, and a portion forms the northwestern part of Persia. Thus a part is subject to Persia, and the remainder has heretofore been a Turkish province; though the present war between Russia and Turkey may result in disturbing its political relations.

The country is made interesting at the present time, from the fact that it is the Asiatic battle-ground of the contending Russian and Turkish armies, and the probabilities are that it will eventually fall into Russian hands.

It contains about one hundred thousand square miles, and has a population estimated at three millions, though the estimate is probably too large. It is watered by the Tigris and its tributaries. The southern portion, and the tract along the Tigris, is comparatively level, but the remainder of the coun-

physically. Their costume is loose, flowing and picturesque, that of the men differing but little from that of the women. The men wear bright-colored turbans upon their heads, while the women wear a sort of cap, profusely ornamented by coins and other trinkets; a multiplicity of necklaces and armlets of various patterns, heavy jewels in their ears, and sometimes rings also in their noses. Their complexion is white, bronzed by exposure to sun and wind.

In the valley of the Tigris is a settlement of Nestorians, but the balance of the inhabitants profess a debased form of Mohammedanism.

NEVER was a sincere word utterly lost, never a magnanimity fell to the ground; there is some heart always to greet and accept it unexpectedly.



## SUFFERING IN THE BRUTE CREATION.

[A writer in the *New Jerusalem Messenger* gives, under the above title, some thoughts on sportsmanship and the sufferings of animals, that deserve careful consideration. We copy the article entire. The views of the writer in regard to hunting and fishing as means of pleasant recreation, have long been our own; and it has always been a matter of surprise to us how Christian ministers could find delight in these cruel sports.—ED. HOME MAGAZINE.]

PERHAPS the low estate to which men have fallen is shown quite as plainly in the amusements which they seek, as in any other of the things of daily life. Not in the amusements of the vicious alone, but also in many of those which are thought by all to be allowable. Hunting or fishing, for instance, we cannot think of as having any place in a perfect condition of society. We cannot think that the best conceivable men would find any enjoyment in either of these as an amusement; and yet they have been enjoyed by some of the best men of whom we have any knowledge. Washington kept his fox hounds and his horses for hunting, and, with his superior physical health, and his skill in manly exercises, no doubt heartily enjoyed the run after the hounds, over the fields and through the grand old woods of his native State.

Sir Walter Scott, in the opening stanzas of "The Lady of the Lake," describes the incidents of a stag hunt, with pen so graphic that it would seem that no thoughtful reader could ever take part in one again; and yet the incidents of the hunt that are so attractive to men, so overbalance those which are repulsive, that no doubt a large proportion of the readers of the poem wish they could have been there to witness or to take part in the hunt. Sir Walter Scott himself, we know, was not so shocked at the hundred horses driven with whip and spur to the utmost limit of their endurance, that he could not heartily enjoy a similar scene upon occasion. He could even be at some pains to provide the occasion, and he is often presented to us accompanied by one or two hounds, no doubt of "black Saint Hubert's breed." He has in the poem that pity for the stag which lets him escape; but his pity would probably not extend to the real stag, which he may have chased the day after he wrote of this one. Perhaps it was not pity for the stag that let him go free. Perhaps it was, instead, his sense of the poetic fitness of things, that would not let the brave Fitz James present himself before the fair Ellen with dripping whinyard and blood-stained raiment.

The hero of the poem, the brave Knight of Snowdoun and King of Scotland, rides his noble horse—the best of a hundred that started in the chase—to actual death; and only with his expiring gasp does he feel any touch of pity. And this is not a very uncommon incident of a hunt. Indeed, it would be hard to conceive of any arrangement better calculated to produce cruelty to animals than this same hunt, which has so stirred the blood of so many generations of Englishmen, and of some of their descendants in America.

The gentlemanly sportsman despises the crude arts with which the vulgar capture their prey. He would not disgrace himself by digging out a woodchuck or a rabbit from under a stump, nor would he by any means be seen spearing suckers along the banks of some muddy stream. He even has doubts about the propriety of shooting any bird while at rest upon a tree or on the ground. He wants to shoot flying, that he may chivalrously "give the bird a chance," as he expresses it. And what is the chance which he gives him? Generally that he may evade the certain and painless end, and escape maimed, to die a lingering death. And so dogs are bred, and reared, and trained, with the greatest care—their natural instincts so directed that they may help the man to find helpless birds, that he may shoot them for fun. If they are used for food, that use is secondary; and he who makes it primary, and hunts for food alone, is a "pot hunter," and an object of contempt to all generous sportsmen.

When the season of the summer vacation approaches, the inhabitants of the cities look forward with the greatest anticipations of pleasure to their annual run in the country. To many of them a principal element in that pleasure is to be the hunting and fishing. Merchants, doctors, lawyers, and even ministers, are longing for the time to come when they may be let loose to prey upon the fish of the sea and streams, and the fowl of the air. The magazines have many illustrated articles, descriptive of rural localities, with pictures of all that is beautiful in natural scenery; but these pictures are often marred by a figure of man, with rod or gun, in his character of beast of prey.

An article upon salmon fishing, in one of the magazines, lately, led a lady to ask for a description of the process by which salmon are taken for sport. She was very ignorant, and she wanted to know just how it was done. She was not in a state of mind to be contented with accounts of the paddling up swift streams in canoes, the camp in the woods, the bed of hemlock boughs, and the consequent sweet sleep and robust health; nor even to be contented with description of the delicate skill with which the fish must be handled in order that he may be landed. She wished to know how it seemed to the fish himself. So the writer had to describe the details of the process. How the salmon fisher has a light, but very strong and flexible rod, upon which, convenient to the hand, is a reel with many yards of light, strong line. The line passes from the reel through a loop at the end of the rod. At the end of the line is a hook attached to an artificial fly made of many colored silk, in imitation of a natural fly. This silk is the bait which the fish seizes and is hooked.

Now this hook and line and fly must be so light as to float upon the top of the water, and they therefore cannot be very strong; not strong enough to bear the weight of a struggling fish. Therefore, when the fish seizes the bait and is hooked, the fisherman cannot pull him bodily ashore, but must let him run, drawing out the line from the reel. When the fish pauses



in his frightened race, the fisherman winds up gently on the reel, until the fish struggles so as to be in danger of breaking away, when he is allowed to run. Again, when he pauses, he is wound up, and so alternately until he is exhausted and drawn to the shore, to be dipped out with a net. Sometimes the contest lasts for half an hour, or even for an hour or more; and the longer the contest the greater the sport.

Before the above description was finished, the lady had stopped her ears, declaring that it was too cruel to hear. As I am writing, my eye is caught by this heading in a newspaper: "Landing a Three Pound Trout," and I find it reads as follows:

"Mr. Murray, in his 'Camp Life in the Adirondacks,' gives the following graphic account of the catching of an energetic trout:

"Reader, did you ever land a trout? I do not ask if you ever jerked some poor little fellow out of a brook three feet across, with a pole six inches around the butt, and so heavy as to require both hands and feet to hold it out. No; that's not 'landing a trout.' But did you ever sit in a boat with nine ounces of lance-wood for a rod, and two hundred feet of braided silk on your double-acting reel, and hook a trout whose strain brought tip and butt together as you checked him in some wild flight, and tested your quivering line from gut to reel knot? No one knows what game there is in a trout unless he has fought it out, matching such a rod against a three-pound fish, with forty feet of water underneath, and a clear, unimpeded sweep around him. Ah, then it is that one discovers what will and energy lie within the mottled skin of a trout, and what a miracle of velocity he is when roused. I love the rifle, and I have looked along the sights and held the leaping blood back by the effort of will, steadying myself for the shot, when my veins fairly tingled with the exhilarating excitement of the moment; but if one should ask me what is my conception of pure physical happiness, I should assure him that the highest beatitude I ever expect to reach is, on some future day, when the sun is occasionally veiled by clouds, to sit in a boat once more upon that little lake, and match again a Conroy rod against a three-pound trout. That's what I call happiness.

"Well, as I said, I struck, and, as we afterward discovered, the huge salmon-hook was buried to the shank amid the nerves which lie at the root of a trout's tongue. Then came a fight for the mastery, such as never before had I waged with anything that swims."

This, with much more descriptive of the contest, until

"He ceased to battle, came panting to the surface, and rolled over upon his side. The boat shot toward him, and, as it glided by, John passed the landing net beneath him, and the brave fighter lay upon the bottom board. His tail, across its base, measured five inches, and his length from tip to tip was seventeen inches and three-quarters."

Now we would like to ask the reverend gentleman

who writes thus, to put himself in the place of the trout. Let him imagine himself with a hook buried to the shank in the nerves that lie at the root of his tongue, and with a power which he cannot successfully resist or evade, tugging at it, and then, if he can say, that to be the one who tugs, is his "conception of pure physical happiness," we would ask him among what class of people in the future world he expects to find that happiness.

Notwithstanding all the barbarism of the process, the man who takes fish in this way considers himself a gentleman; and something more of a gentleman than if he had no knowledge of "the gentle art." He feels a contempt for the countryman, who, with rude pole from the thicket, coarse line and hook, with worm for bait, lands his fish without ceremony, and counts them only as so much food for his table. He calls the countryman's way barbarous—his own refined. He says he "gives the fish a chance;" but he does not say, probably it does not occur to him, that the chance is, that, if he escape at all, it will be with a hook in his throat that will cause him many days' suffering, and perhaps a lingering death.

It is not from man alone that the brute creation suffers. A large proportion of animals prey upon each other: generally not causing much suffering thereby, for the beast or bird of prey, is in the habit of making short work of his victim. But not always. Witness the cat with the mouse she has caught. Animals which do not prey upon each other, cause apparent suffering. The cow goes browsing through the fields, and leaves behind countless dead and dying of insect life, crushed by her footsteps. All animals, man included, leave a path of suffering and death to the weaker behind them.

In this painful view, the peaceful landscape becomes a field of carnage. In this view it does not seem strange that men have feared God rather than loved Him. It does not seem strange that many heathen nations have believed that God delights in suffering; and that they have therefore offered sacrifices to Him, sometimes of human victims. Neither does it seem strange that men have sometimes believed in two opposing gods—a god of evil as well as a God of good.

What is the use of all this suffering? In many cases we can see it is of use to the higher that the lower should suffer. Particularly in the case of man, of use that the lower animals should be sacrificed to his wants. The young male of the human family seems utterly indifferent to suffering in the lower animals. He impales his living worm or minnow as if it were of senseless wood. He seems wholly unconscious that the fish he catches are dying a painful death. And yet, he is so prone to mischief, that it may be doubted whether forbidding him the amusement of fishing would not drive him into something worse. So it is no doubt best to patiently see the children, both of smaller and larger growth, catch their fish, while we feel sure that if not doing this they would be in worse mischief.

But we are being led to a field that looks dark to

many minds; perhaps not perfectly clear to any. We can see the justice of suffering if only the sufferer is benefited by the suffering; but that A should suffer for the benefit of B, we do not see to be right at all. And what possible good can it do the angle-worm or the minnow that he should be strung on the hook for bait for the fish that in his turn dies, that the fisherman may have his sport and his dinner?

We suppose these questions have never been fully answered. Perhaps never will be in this world. Of one thing we may be certain. The suffering is very much less than it appears to be. Some insects will continue to eat food with apparent relish, after their abdomen has been removed, thus showing that they suffer scarcely at all from an injury that would be immediately fatal to man. I have lately read of a pet parrot which had picked a hole in its own crop from which it ate the food, and so ate it over and over again, constantly enlarging the hole, until it was restrained mechanically.

We do not realize how much the capacity for suffering depends upon the faculty of thinking; and we do not generally realize how little animals think. Indeed, it would probably be true to say that they do not think at all. It is becoming fashionable in view of the many manifestations of apparent intelligence in the lower animals, to try to believe that the distinction between instinct and reason is arbitrary and not real; but we have the best of reasons for believing that the distinction exists, call it by what name we will.

Swedenborg says that man has an inmost degree of the mind which animals have not, by which he can think of God; and by which he is immortal. By means of this inmost degree of the mind, God is immediately present with man, while with the lower animals He is only present mediately. That is, by influx through the spiritual world. This influx is into the loves of the animals; and the fact that it is into the loves alone is very significant and far-reaching, it is so different from what is the case with man. Does man contemplate any action, a journey, for instance, the influx that prompts him to it, is into his understanding as well as into his loves; and he therefore thinks of the means by which he is to accomplish the journey, the gain or pleasure he is to derive from it, and many other things besides.

Now, there is nothing of this in the journeys of the lower animals. For instance, in the spring time, with migratory birds, the influx into their loves impels them to fly northward. Partly following the food supply which they seek, partly perhaps following the lengthening days which they find in the higher latitudes. We say sometimes that they remember their summer homes and wish to return to them; but we assume too much when we say they remember. Probably they do not remember at all. Probably they simply obey the prompting of the influx into their loves; and this probably without thought of the past or the future, just as the vine sends out its tendrils in a particular direction where

it will find support, or as the rootlet pushes out in the direction in which it will find nourishment, each apparently knowing what it is seeking for; but each certainly knowing nothing at all.

Now if it be true that the animal does not really think, it follows that his capacity for suffering is very little. If he does not think, he is conscious only of the present; and we may see that the most that men suffer is by means of thoughts of the past and future. We never think: This pain is so terrible that I cannot bear it this instant. We lose consciousness long before it comes to that. But we think: How terribly I have suffered the past hour or day, how can I endure it another day?

Then the lower animal is free from the whole brood of anxieties with which man makes himself so miserable. If the lower animal's animal wants are supplied, he is content. If he is hungry, he seeks his food and is content in the search. If he is maimed he is conscious that the influx into his loves is impeded, and there is discomfort; but it is safe to say that there is nothing of the acute suffering that man would experience under the same circumstances.

It is certain that Mr. Murray's trout with a hook in his throat, although not a pleasant thing to think of, did not suffer as Mr. Murray himself would under the same circumstances. We wish we could believe that he did not suffer at all; and that the appearance of suffering was only an appearance, like the shrinking of a sensitive plant from the touch, or the apparent suffering of vegetation in times of drought; but we can scarcely go to this length. We may, however, safely say, that the suffering is very much less than it seems to be, perhaps inconceivably less.

#### A MURDEROUS SEA FLOWER.

ONE of the exquisite wonders of the sea is called the opellet, and is about as large as the German aster, looking, indeed, very much like one. Imagine a very large double aster, with a great many long petals of a light green color, glossy as satin, and each one tipped with rose color. These lovely petals do not lie quietly in their places, but wave about in the water, while the opellet clings to a rock. How innocent and lovely it looks on its rocky bed! Who would suspect that it would eat anything grosser than dew and sunlight? But those beautiful waving arms, as you call them, have use beside looking pretty. They have to provide for a large, open mouth, which is hidden down deep among them—so hidden that one can scarcely find it. Well do they perform their duty, for the instant a foolish little fish touches one of the rosy tips, he is struck with poison as fatal to him as lightning. He immediately becomes numb, and in a moment stops struggling, and then the other arms wrap themselves around him, and he is drawn into the huge, greedy mouth, and is seen no more. Then the lovely arms unclose, and wave again in the water.



### THE EVENING-TIME.

**T**OGETHER we walked in the evening-time,  
 Above us the sky spread golden and clear,  
 And he bent his head and looked in my eyes,  
 As if he held me of all most dear.  
 Oh! it was sweet in the evening-time!

And our pathway went through fields of wheat;  
 Narrow that path and rough the way,  
 But he was near, and the birds sang true,  
 And the stars came out in the twilight gray.  
 Oh! it was sweet in the evening-time!

Softly he spoke of the days long past,  
 Softly of blessed days to be;  
 Close to his arm and closer I prest—  
 The corn-field path was Eden to me.  
 Oh! it was sweet in the evening-time!

Grayer the light grew and grayer still,  
 The rooks flitted home through the purple shade;  
 The nightingales sang where the thorns stood high;  
 As I walked with him in the woodland glade.  
 Oh! it was sweet in the evening-time!

As the latest gleams of daylight died;  
 My hand in his enfolded lay;  
 We swept the dew from the wheat as we passed,  
 For narrower, narrower wound the way.  
 Oh! it was sweet in the evening-time!

He looked in the depths of my eyes and said,  
 "Sorrow and gladness will come for us, sweet;  
 But together we'll walk through the fields of life  
 Close as we walked through the fields of wheat."

### THE BIRDS.

**T**HERE is no cloud that sails along the ocean of  
 yon sky.  
 But hath its own winged mariners to give it  
 melody;  
 Thou seest their glittering fans outspread, all gleam-  
 ing like red gold;  
 And hark! with shrill pipe musical, their merry  
 course they hold.  
 God bless them all, those little ones, who, far above  
 this earth,  
 Can make a scoff of its mean joys, and vent a nobler  
 mirth.—WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

## IN HONOR BOUND.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

IT was only a girl's voice, singing in the twilight, that Robert Crandall heard, as he went up the steps of his uncle's brown-stone house on Madison Avenue—only a girl's voice, coming softly through the open windows, and filling the June night with a certain, tender sweetness; but it moved this one listener strangely. He stood upon the steps, and waited until the music was over. He knew afterwards that it was a song called "A Burden," written by an English poet named Marston, who early had dipped his pen in the fountain of tears; but when he heard it first it was quite new to him. He heard only the last three verses, but they touched some chord of feeling in his own heart. The singer had a sweet, low voice; not strong, but full of pathos, and a certain kind of passion, and she sang:

"Have I not dreamed of your eyes, and cried,

'Light, my Light,

Lead me where love may be satisfied,

Oh, my Light!"

"Have I not trodden a weary road,

'Saint, my Saint?

And where, at last, shall be my abode,

Oh, my Saint?"

"Sometimes I say, in an hour supreme,

'Bride, my Bride,

I shall hold you fast, and not in a dream,

Oh, my Bride!"

He experienced a strange tumult of emotion, as he listened. The singer could be nothing to him. A child might as well cry for the moon, as he long for the love of Clara Spendwell, the only child of that merchant prince, George Spendwell, his uncle and employer; and, even were this otherwise, and she were not so far above him, he himself was in honor bound. Before he left his native village he had asked a girl there to love him and wait for him, till he could come back to claim her. He had thought then, that his calm, tranquil liking for this nice, sweet young girl, whom he had known all his life, was love; and so, calling his feeling by that name which he understood so little, he had asked her to share his future. He had acted in perfectly good faith; as most men do who make precisely the same mistake. It is very probable that if he had never seen his Cousin Clara he would never have discovered his error; and would have made his country sweetheart the most tranquil and contented of husbands.

Perhaps it was an evil day when he went from the country to New York; though all his family gloried greatly in his prospects; and he, himself, was not without his own share of exultation. His Uncle Spendwell had seemed to have quite forgotten his sister and her family for years; except that at Christmas time he always sent them handsome gifts. Great, therefore, was the surprise in the New England farmhouse when a letter came, inviting his nephew Robert to come to New York; and saying that he

would offer him a good position in his business if, after a personal interview, he found the young man's acquirements up to the mark. Father Crandall was quietly pleased—Mother Crandall was exultant—Robert, himself, was silently triumphant—very silently, for it was not his nature to manifest his emotions. He felt confident of success, for he was a thorough book-keeper and mathematician, but he did not vaunt himself. "I think I shall get on," he had remarked to his mother.

Only to Lucy Morrison, who had been his childish sweetheart and his life-long friend, did he speak more freely. To her he had said, with a little dash of self-confidence, which did not displease her: "Lucy, I am bound to win. Will you wait for me till I have done so, and then share the winnings?"

Lucy's dear, dark eyes had filled with tears, and her soft cheeks had flushed as he looked at her.

"Do you love me, Robert? Are you sure?" she asked, timidly.

"I should think so. Whom else should I love? Have I not loved you all my life?"

And then he had kissed her; and they had both believed themselves very happy. Yet that night, when Lucy went to bed, she had thought, in her heart, how much less romantic love was in real life than in novels and poems; and Robert had said to himself that it was a very sweet, and natural, and pleasant thing when love grew up with a fellow, as it had with him—there were none of those doubts and fears, and general miseries that some men talked about; and there never could be any jealousy or misunderstanding. They were both contented; and yet, if they had been in the habit of analyzing their emotions, they would have discovered that each was wondering a little if this were all. But after Robert was gone, Lucy ceased to wonder. Her imagination came in, then; and in the retrospect, Robert's words appeared to her so simple, and manly, and full of faith in her that they seemed quite to realize her ideal. The truth was, that she suited her ideal to her lover, as is so often the case with an imaginative woman.

Robert left in good spirits. Lucy was very pale, and her lips trembled when she bade him good-bye. His mother cried over him, profusely; even his father's eyes were moistened, as he shook hands with his only son. Robert was perfectly calm. He tried hard to pride himself on his composure, and call it manly self-control; but in his heart of hearts he was a little disgusted with himself, because he knew that he was glad, not sorry, to go. And yet this was not unnatural. The great, untried, fascinating world was before him; and it was not strange that he longed to go out into it and begin to live. If he had been desperately in love with Lucy, it might have been different; but the time had not yet come for him to make this discovery.

It was the last week in August when he went away from Sayfield. Already there were golden-rod and asters along the highway, and gorgeous cardinal flowers were flaming down by the brook.



"I shall get away from the country winter," he had said to himself, as he rode along in the little old stage, which took passengers from Sayfield to the railway station, three miles away. "I shall get away from the country winter, and I always did hate it."

He had a curiously complex temperament, this young New Englander. He was very practical. He had plenty of sound, common sense. He had force of character enough to work for anything he wanted with unflagging energy and perseverance—but there was another side of him that longed passionately for ease and pleasure and luxury; and to this side of him the narrow, laborious, ascetic life of a New England country town had always been irksome and distasteful; and it was this side of him which rejoiced to escape from snowed-up roads, and quiet living, and petty details, as a bird let loose rejoices to fly away and find the sky.

Once arrived at New York, he presented himself in his uncle's counting-room. His heart failed him a little as he went to this interview, but he did not show it in his manner. He had enough of that good Anglo-Saxon quality called pluck to carry him through composedly.

"Crandall! oh, yes," his uncle said to the clerk who announced him; and then the great merchant got up and shook hands, and asked his nephew to be seated. In that moment the two men took stock of each other. Robert saw in his uncle a stout, prosperous-looking, self-satisfied man of business; but a man with a good head, and not without capacity for feeling—a man sure to make himself both obeyed and respected. The uncle, looking at his nephew for the first time since he saw him, twenty-two years ago, a baby in his cradle, beheld a tall, strong, manly fellow, with a decided family likeness to himself. The young man, like the hero of James Russell Lowell's poem, "The Courtin',"

"—Was six foot of man, A. I,  
Clean grit and human natur'."

He had clear eyes, rather gray than blue, strong features and light brown hair and beard, with a golden warmth when the sun struck them.

Like the thorough man of business that he was, Mr. Spendwell made himself, in a very few minutes, as well acquainted with his nephew's business capacities and mental acquirements as his first keen, close observation had made him with his face.

At the end of this brief, rigid examination, he said: "Ah, I shall be able to do better by you than I thought. My book-keeper is leaving me to go into business for himself. His first assistant takes his place, and I think you are capable of stepping into that man's shoes. You will have three weeks, before your real work begins, to learn your duties. What hotel are you at?"

"The Astor."

"Well, here is the address of a good boarding-house, which will be cheaper and better for you in all ways. Get yourself settled there to-day. Come and dine with me to-night, sharp six—and consider yourself invited to my house for all the Sundays.

Now, good-morning. To-morrow, Hendricks will begin to post you up in the books."

That day young Crandall got settled in his new quarters. He even found time to write a line to his mother; and another to Lucy Morrison to tell her that the good fortune she was to share had begun. A little before six, he was in his uncle's drawing-room; and there he saw, for the first time, his Cousin Clara. She was a very different type of young lady from any he had yet encountered. At twenty-one she was the mistress of her father's house; and she looked thoroughly equal to her position. She was blonde, like her Cousin Robert. A careful observer might even have detected the kinship between the stalwart young fellow from the country, and this delicate, patrician-looking creature, who had always "fed on the roses and lain in the lilies of life."

She wore a sea-green silk, and some curious green jewels which looked as if they might have been filched from a mermaid, were in her ears, and fastened the lace, white as sea-foam, around her slender throat. There were suggestions of the sea, indeed, all through her toilet. The comb which held up the coils of her golden hair was of amber, and the only ring on her slender hand was a great pearl, white as moonlight.

This beautiful creature, with her delicate face—coral at the lips, and like the heart of sea-shell in the cheeks—received her cousin with a welcome as kind as need be, but just touched with the hoar-frost of her stateliness. And Robert Crandall looked at her, and said to himself: "This, then, is what a woman can be? I had not thought there were such in the world."

It never occurred to him in those first days that he was in any danger of loving Clara Spendwell. He, himself, would have been the first to deride the mad folly of such a thought. But he used to wish, from the very first, that Lucy Morrison were more like her; and that is a dangerous sort of wish for a man to have about the woman to whom he is in honor bound.

Months passed on, and Robert Crandall more than fulfilled his uncle's expectations. He displayed a business ability so really remarkable that Mr. Spendwell was moved to write to his sister in the country an absolutely warm and hearty letter of congratulation.

As time went by, the young man's visits became more and more frequent at his uncle's house. Sometimes he was asked to go with Clara to operas or concerts; sometimes he assisted at some party of hers—where he met other girls, as fair and graceful and stately as herself; though, in his opinion, she always distanced them all. All his Sundays, as a matter of course, were passed there. It was an exciting pleasure to carry her prayer-book to church; and to hear her sing to her father, in the evening, the old hymns her mother had loved once, was to young Robert the very finest of musical entertainments. But all this time, he never guessed his own secret; looking always on his cousin as quite beyond

and above his reach; regarding her somewhat as a young page might the royal princess it was his pleasure to serve.

He wrote quite regularly to Lucy Morrison; but, I fancy, stranger love-letters were never written. Every Saturday night he set down, duly, what he had done throughout the week; and he made it a point always to include some allusion or other to the future he was making for her. At first, Lucy used to answer these allusions in some shy, pretty little sentence from which a more anxious lover might have divined her heart; but, after a few months, she left them unnoticed, and wrote letters sweet and kind, but precisely such as one friend would write to another. They would have driven a man who was in love with her mad; but her betrothed felt no lack in them.

And so things went, till that June night, when, going up the steps of his uncle's house, Robert Crandall heard his cousin's voice singing, and stood still and listened. With the last words of the song, which rang out in a sort of passionate triumph—

"I shall hold you fast, and not in a dream,  
Bride, my Bride,"

he knew, suddenly, what all the past months had meant. It was as if a door had been opened, and out of it had burst a great light. "Yes," he said to himself, "this, which I feel, is love—and I have never felt it before. She is nothing to me. She never can be. Not for a moment would my uncle listen to such a thing—not for an instant would she bend toward me, from her stately height; and even if both could be, I am bound to Lucy. But this is love. I think I am glad to know."

He went in, half-dazed. Clara was not alone. A little way off from the piano sat a young man, half-buried in an easy-chair, and watching the singer, as she turned the leaves of the music-book for another song.

She rose, with her usual sweet serenity, welcomed her cousin, and introduced him to Mr. Paul Desmond; adding: "Of course, you know Mr. Desmond in one way; you were speaking of his last novel the other night."

So this stranger belonged to that other world of letters which Robert Crandall had regarded, all his life, with a sort of distant wonder; a certain reverent desire and secret inclination? He would have been greatly excited under his calm exterior at this meeting, at almost any other time. Now his mind was so full of something else that he scarcely heeded at all the presence of the dark, handsome, distinguished-looking young man. He had just, in the last five minutes, made a discovery before which everything else seemed trifling—he had seen the face of love. Whatever he had felt before, had been like the palest flush of the early dawn, compared to this great, strong, newly-risen sun. He sat there quite quietly; and seemed to listen. He was vaguely conscious that Desmond and Clara were talking about books with which he was unacquainted; and that, now and then, she ran her fingers over the keys of the piano,

and played a bar or two of some familiar air. He perceived these things in some external, half-unconscious way; yet he had never been so desperately alive in all his life.

He knew that, at last, his doom was upon him—that the love of which he had heard and read, but in which he had never quite believed, all romance and restlessness and mystery had overtaken him. But to what end? He had no least hope that his cousin would ever love him; and even had this been possible, he would have had none of her father's toleration of such a love. A man as rich and as ambitious as George Spendwell would naturally have quite other views for his only child. And even had both these impossible things been possible, what right had he, the promised husband of Lucy Morrison, even to think of such a mad delight?

He was roused from his reverie by the adieux of Mr. Desmond; and then his uncle came in, and there was a brief conversation, after which he went away.

The next morning he was summoned to an interview in the counting-room. He had a half-guilty feeling, at first. He wondered if his uncle had perceived his interest in Clara, and was about to dismiss him on the spot. But he soon perceived that the interview was to be of the most amicable nature. He heard himself commended for skill and faithfulness and success, with a heartiness which surprised him. And then his uncle said: "I want you to go home, now, and see your mother. I am not a man to make much parade of the domestic affections; but I never have forgotten my favorite sister, and I fancy I care quite as much about her as many a man who says a good deal more. She has good reason to be contented with her only son; but I bear in mind that this is her first separation from you, and she'll be wanting to see you. Suppose you get off at once? It's the middle of June, now; and you need not come back till the first of September. Clara and I shall be getting out of town, also, to-morrow."

Robert Crandall had just one thought in his mind, as he went away from that interview. Now was his time to save his honor; to redeem his manhood. He would go to Sayfield, and ask Lucy to be his wife, by the end of his vacation. He would bring her back to town with him; and then he would be safe. "Safe, but not happy," whispered something in his heart—and "Honest, if not happy," he answered that something, proudly.

He reached Sayfield, next day, just in time for supper; and after that high feast was over, he walked along the pleasant country ways toward the house of Lucy Morrison. All the loveliness of June was about him. The sky was warm with sunset. A late bird flying over dropped a tremulous note through the still air. Already a few stars had risen, large and bright. At the gate of her own home, he met Lucy. She had come out to wander through the soft dusk—a gentle creature, all in white, with a single deep crimson rose on her breast.

If Robert had not been so infatuated with Clara's blonde loveliness, he must have seen how rarely

charming, in another way, was this girl, whom he had known all his life. He was an utterly unexpected apparition to her; and, as they met face to face, she started as if she had seen a ghost. She put out her hand, and he took it quietly, and quietly kissed her.

"I have been successful, even beyond my expectations," he said; "and I have come back for you. I have a vacation of six weeks, and I want you to be ready to be married at the end of it, and go with me to New York."

There was a strange and almost rude abruptness in his manner of speaking; but he was quite unconscious of it, his mind was so full of the one thing before him to be done. The sunset light still lingered; and by it Lucy Morrison could see his face. There was nothing in it of lover-like tenderness or softness. She looked at him steadily for a moment, and then she asked, just as quietly as he himself had spoken: "Are you quite sure that this is what you want, Robert?"

"Yes, quite sure, Lucy."

There was a space, in which they heard the rustle of the leaves stirred by a faint wind, and some insects shrilling in the grass; and then she spoke again, and her voice, though very low, was yet strangely earnest and solemn.

"Robert, I think that two people who mean to pass all their lives together should, at least, be absolutely honest with each other. Do you want to marry me because you love me best in the world?"

He was quite silent; perhaps he was considering how he could answer her. But she did not wait for him.

"Dear," she said, gently, "I have felt for some time that you did not love me. Your letters were a friend's letters, and not a lover's. And now, I think, you have come to ask me to marry you, thus hurriedly, because you are afraid to trust yourself. You have seen some one whom you love better."

Yet Robert Crandall did not speak. He bowed his face in his hands, and was utterly silent for a few moments more. Then at last he raised his head, with the old, proud honesty in his eyes, and said fearlessly: "I will tell you the truth. I have seen some one I am afraid I shall love; and I wish you to save me from myself. She does not love me. She is not the wife I ought to have. You are the right wife for me, Lucy. Will you be patient with me for a little while, and give yourself to me for my healing?"

"No," she answered, with a heavenly gentleness in her tone. "No, that would be to do you ill. I will give you something better than myself—your freedom."

"Ah," he cried, bitterly, "you do not love me well enough to marry me. You want pay for your love—value for value; and because, just now, I cannot give as much as I want to receive, I am to have nothing."

"Dear," she said—and he could not help thinking what a lovely and tender voice it was—"it is because I love you too well. I could not bear to feel that

you might have been happier without me. No, I am sure I am right. From this moment you are free."

"From this moment I must loathe and despise myself."

"No, you are not to so much as *blame* yourself. You had seen nothing of the world when you asked me to wait for you. You gave me the best feeling you had to give then. Was your inexperience to blame, because you did not know the difference between that feeling and love? Let us part now, dear. When you have learned to think more justly of yourself, you will let me be your friend, just as I had been all my life, before you made that mistake, for which not even your own conscience should condemn you. Good-night."

And before he could stay her she had gone in out of the gathering twilight, and he was alone.

He did not understand her calmness. He did not know that she could not bear one single word more; and no human ear heard the bitter sobs and cries that burst from her poor white lips when she had shut the door of her room behind her, and was all alone.

The next day it came to be known, as such things do come to be known in a country place, that Lucy Morrison had left home and gone to visit an aunt in New Haven.

No one spoke directly of it to Robert Crandall except his mother.

"I thought there was something between you and Lucy," she said to him.

And then—for the poor fellow needed comfort sorely—he opened his heart and told her all its secret pain.

"Lucy was quite right," she said, when he had finished; and then, mother-like, she began to comfort him. Why should he despair of his cousin? Certainly his uncle had shown himself well-disposed toward him; and certainly—here the mother's pride spoke—he was a man for a girl to love.

The vacation seemed eternal. The sweet peace of the country summer was only an unendurable monotony to the lover whose thoughts and whose longings were so far away. The first day of September found him in New York. He went up to his uncle's house that evening. Mr. Spendwell was in his smoking-room, and had a large pile of papers before him. He asked a few questions about his sister, and then he said: "I am busy, as you see; and Clara will be wanting to see you. So I shall send you to her."

Nothing loth, Crandall found his way to the drawing-room, where Clara sat alone. She rose, with more than usual animation, to greet him.

"I am so glad to see you, Cousin Robert. We have returned to town earlier than we expected. Did papa tell you why?"

"No, he told me nothing."

"Oh, he knew I would rather tell you myself. I am sure you like me enough to be deeply interested. I am to marry Mr. Desmond in two months, and I have come home to get ready."

For an instant Robert Crandall seemed to see

everything in the room whirling and whirling. And he thought the lights were all going out. Then he recovered himself, and managed to say, in an inquiring tone: "Mr. Desmond, the author?"

"Yes. We have cared for each other for two years; but papa would never hear a word to it, till after the success of his last novel. Then he let him visit at the house. Don't you remember, you met him here just before you went away?"

Remember! Would he ever forget?

He never knew how he answered her; but somehow he contrived to satisfy her with his congratulations; and soon the conquering hero himself came, and Crandall shook hands with him, and then got away.

All his life he will look back to those weeks that followed as a wild nightmare of misery. He managed to do his work by day, but his nights were terrible. It was very strange, but the one sole comfort he found in that dreary time was the memory that Lucy Morrison had loved him.

I suppose no very acute misery lasts forever. The sharper the pain of a sick man, the more surely it must end in death, or in recovery. After awhile, the agony of Robert Crandall, like other sharp tortures, seemed to wear itself out; and by the first of December, when Mr. and Mrs. Paul Desmond returned from their bridal journey, he was ready to bid them welcome quite calmly; and could really look at the beautiful bride with a little wonder in his heart that he could possibly have suffered so very deeply because of this woman, who had never at any one moment felt more than a cousinly kindness for him.

Three years went on, after that, without his once going back to Sayfield. He persuaded, now his mother, and now his father, to visit him instead. I think some feeling which he did not try to explain to himself made him shrink a little from meeting Lucy Morrison.

When Mr. and Mrs. Desmond had been married three years, they gave a party. Literature had prospered with Mr. Desmond; and it is very natural to be kind to the successful; so his father-in-law had opened his heart, and given Clara a house. This party was their house-warming. Of course Cousin Robert must be there; though, ordinarily, he rather shunned than sought general society.

This night, even, he was among the latest comers. When he went in, he saw, standing near his cousin, a graceful woman, who was in such admirable contrast with Mrs. Desmond that he stopped a moment to observe them before he went forward to pay his respects. All his heartaches about his cousin were over long ago. I am not sure that he was at all sorry, even, for his youthful disappointment. His twenty-sixth birthday was just passed, and he was on the road to wealth and success. He was so full of other interests and cares, that he had ceased to think much about love. It was rare even for him to look at any woman with as much interest as he was bestowing on the dark, distinguished-looking stranger who was standing by his cousin's side. She wore a

dress of some soft-falling black stuff, filmy and clinging. The only color about her costume was a crimson rose on her breast, and another in her soft, dark hair. Her elegant simplicity pleased his eye; and he looked at her lingeringly. As he looked, something reminded him of Lucy Morrison.

"Lucy would have been much like that," he said to himself, "if she had had the advantage of city training."

Just then Mrs. Desmond caught his eye and smiled, and he went up to her.

"I think here is an old friend, Cousin Robert," she said. "Mrs. Reed brought with her Miss Morrison, from Sayfield. Surely you must know each other?"

"Surely we do," said Miss Morrison, extending her hand with frank cordiality.

For a moment Robert Crandall saw nothing in that room. He was standing under the old trees in a country road, and a girl, this girl, only three years younger, and very different, was turning from him, and walking silently up toward her father's house, as he had seen her last, when she had said "good-night," and turned away from him so quietly in the June twilight. It hardly seemed to him this stately and self-possessed woman could be the Lucy whom he had held so carelessly once, and parted with so easily. Now she appeared to him "something better than he had known." How she must despise him, he thought; and yet she was so kind and cordial that he grew at ease with her in spite of himself.

Six weeks after that, he sat with her in Mrs. Reed's parlor. They had been talking, as old friends will, about old times. They had seen a good deal of each other in the six weeks just past; and Robert Crandall had learned that Lucy's visit to New Haven just after her parting with him, had procured her an engagement to teach there; and, in that way, she had fallen heir to the graces and refinements of city life. They had been talking, as I said, of old times, but of course with a certain sense of restraint. At last silence fell between them—a silence which at length the man broke suddenly.

"Lucy, if I were to tell you now that I love you, I have forfeited the right to have you believe me. And yet I should be telling you the truth."

There was a moment when no one spoke, and then he said: "Are you angry, Lucy?"

"No, Robert."

"Could I ever hope," he went on, "to make you understand me? I don't think I did love you in those old days. I was fond of you, you know, and I had been all my life; and I did not know any stronger emotion. Then I saw my Cousin Clara, and she seemed to me a creature quite different from anything I had ever seen. And I suppose I fell desperately in love with her. I certainly thought so then; but I believe I have been very glad, for a long time now, that she is Mrs. Desmond. And now I love you. I can't expect you to believe me, but I know myself it is the strongest feeling I have ever experienced. You are all I have ever desired or dreamed



of, and yet I, myself, turned your heart away from me; for I think you did care for me once, Lucy."

The answer came in a tone so low he could scarcely hear it: "I have never got over caring, Robert."

He moved closer to her, and took her hand, and looked down into the dear, dark eyes.

"Be careful, Lucy. Don't encourage me unless you mean it. I behaved to you like a sneak once; but now I love you with all my heart, and soul, and mind. Is it in human nature that you can forgive me?"

"I told you then what I tell you now, that I had nothing to forgive. You behaved then like an honest man—you told me the truth. I believe that you have told it to me now; and—"

He waited a moment for the next words, but they did not come; and he saw that she was crying quietly; and then he drew her wet face against his heart, which was to be henceforth her home.

### HOPE GLENN.

BY MRS. C. I. BAKER.

**T**HERE will this year make her *début* in Italian opera, a young American girl, whose native talents, aided by thorough culture, cannot fail to favorably impress the most critical art-circles.

A voice of great flexibility and power, a winsome face and graceful physical presence, a will that yields to no obstacles, and we have some strong essential elements of success. Add to this years of culture and training by the best maestros of Europe, an heroic industry and perseverance in the practical details and technicalities of professional art, and we have yet stronger elements of success.

Miss Glenn's earlier studies were commenced in Chicago, and while there she was the recipient of the kindly friendship and advice of Clara Louise Kellogg and other prominent members of the operatic profession. Her first appearance, in a concert given by the Chicago Musical College, was thus noted in the *Song Messenger*:

"Two pupils—Miss Glenn, vocalist, and Miss Murdock, pianist—took the public, critics and all, by storm; and it will be useful to notice the fact that they are the ones who have given the longest and most careful study to their art. These ladies have in their favor, it is true, fine natural gifts, but they are none the less striking illustrations of the logical results of proper education. The musical critic and composer, H. S. Perkins, especially mentions Miss Glenn's correct enunciation. One of the greatest defects of modern vocalism is a neglect of articulation. As Paganini played upon one string, so much of our singing is from one composer, Mendelssohn's 'Songs Without Words.'"

Before leaving Chicago, Miss Glenn was honored with a complimentary concert, which proved to be a remunerative as well as musical success. The various papers of that city chronicled: "THE GLENN CONCERT."

"The testimonial concert to Miss Glenn, tendered

her as an affectionate farewell recognition previous to her departure for Europe, by a large professional and social circle, is making fine progress. This lady is, as is well known here, the possessor of a rarely beautiful contralto voice. She has for sometime past sung in the choir of the Third Presbyterian Church, and has pursued her studies most industriously. Now the time has arrived when she needs a more thorough knowledge of the higher branches of the divine art of song, and consequently her friends have prevailed upon her to enter upon a course of European study.

"Of this young contralto vocalist, Signor Muzio, musical director of the Strakosch Opera Company, writes as follows:

"MY DEAR SIR: If I was more familiar with the English language, I would say much of the great pleasure I had in hearing the voice of Miss Glenn. She deserves the encouragement of her countrymen, because she has the disposition to become a true artist. I enclose letters of introduction to teachers in Paris and Milan. Believe me, yours truly,  
'E. MUZIO.'

"This note was accompanied with letters warmly commending Miss Glenn to Cavalier Alberto Mazzucato, director of the Milan conservatory, and M. Delle Sedie, of the Paris conservatory."

On Miss Glenn's arrival in England, she was for several weeks the guest of the celebrated singer, Mario Rosa. This glimpse of London life and manners gave additional zest to the fair young student whose very name is a symbol of encouragement.

About two years ago, Lucy H. Hooper, writing from Paris, paid voluntary compliment to Miss Glenn's talents and progress in classical study, and it is to be regretted that this reference was not preserved for quotation in the present brief sketch.

Miss Glenn was, for a time, the pupil of Wartel, the great maestro who taught Nilsson, the Swedish nightingale, "to warble with full-throated ease." The superiority of his method is that it never allows any fatigue or strain upon the voice.

"For after all," said he to Mrs. R. S. Greenough, "what is singing? Singing is a gymnastic of the lungs. My maxim is to obtain the greatest force by the gentlest means. Above all, there must be no compression whatever of the top of the throat; it must remain open in the very highest notes. Nay, more than this, the higher the voice ascends the more the throat must open. We call that lowering the tone. It gives a roundness, a fullness, a depth not to be obtained by any other means, and it preserves the voice intact; it prevents it from wearing out."

Wartel repeatedly stated that Hope Glenn has a brilliant future before her. To receive such assurance from such a master were a triumph of itself worthy of record.

The Boston *Folio* contains the following reference to her merits and progress:

"Miss Hope Glenn, the young Iowa city contralto,

now studying with Mme. Pauline Viardot in Paris, will soon make her *début* in Italian opera. She was, recently, the recipient of a very fine gold watch and chain from the congregation of the American Chapel, for which she has been singing occasionally."

Though we must, at present, watch from afar, this career so full of promise, yet the time will come, when the garlands of Europe have crowned her a queen of song, that American encores will beckon her Welcome Home!

### MAIDEN, WIFE AND MOTHER.

BY MARY EARLE HARDY.

**L**ITTLE maid with laughing eyes,  
Chasing golden butterflies,  
Tripping through the clover blooms,  
Shaking out their rich perfumes,  
From sweet morn to still of night  
Thou art drinking earth's delight.

Unto me thou art as fair  
As the brightest blossoms are;  
White as lily is thy heart,  
Pink as rose thy blushes start,  
While the soft blue of thine eye  
Matches well the violet shy.

Fleet thou art as bird on wing,  
Sweet as wood-lark dost thou sing,  
Clear thy happy laughter rings  
As the silver gush of springs;  
All that fair or bright I see  
Are but types, sweet child, of thee.

With a beauty higher far,  
With a glory like a star,  
Do I see thee, maiden, now,  
Taking on this wifehood's vow,  
Bridal buds are not more white  
Than thy soul in love's sweet light!

Golden crown of all hast thou,  
Mother with the patient brow!  
Hearts that little children press,  
Gain a wealth of tenderness:  
In thy yearning mother-love,  
Type I see of that above.

Do not be discouraged under any circumstances. Go steadily forward; rather consult your own conscience than the opinion of men, though the least are not to be disregarded. Be industrious, be frugal, be honest; deal in perfect kindness with all who come in your way, exercising a neighborly and obliging spirit in your own intercourse.

"Use great prudence and circumspection in choosing thy wife," said Lord Burleigh to his son; "for from thence will spring all thy future good or evil; and it is an action of life like unto a stratagem of war, wherein a man can err but once."

### WHAT SHALL I DO

TO BE SAVED FROM THE CURSE OF DRINK?\*

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

**O**N the day following I met Mr. Stannard by agreement. We had made arrangements for placing Granger in the new Home as soon as we could get him released; and thus give him another opportunity to recover himself. All my interest in the man was reviving, and hope gaining strength every moment. Our visit to the Reformatory Home had been most satisfactory. We found the organization far more perfect than we had anticipated, seeing that the Institution was yet in its infancy. After spending an hour with the president, who happened to be there when we called, and obtaining from him all the information desired, we made such preliminary arrangements as were necessary for the admission of Granger, and left with the new hope for the fallen man we were about making an attempt to rescue, growing stronger in our hearts every moment.

Before going to the prison, we called on the district attorney, who, on learning our purpose, gave an order for Granger's release, saying as he did so: "I wish, gentleman, that I could feel as hopeful as you seem to be in regard to the result. But I'm afraid the case is beyond cure. Poor fellow! Our bar lost one of its brightest representatives in his fall. He was a splendid orator. I can hear his voice, now, ringing out in some of his grand periods. Ah, if he had but let drink alone!"

"If men would only take warning by a fall like this," said Mr. Stannard.

"Few fall so rapidly or so low," returned the district attorney. "Some men are weak in the head where liquor is concerned; while others can drink on to the end, always maintaining a due moderation."

"And every man who drinks, believes that he can always hold himself to this due moderation."

"Yes, that is the case with most men; but a few get over the line before becoming aware that they have touched it."

"To find, like the too venturesome bather when struck by the undertow, that return is next to impossible."

We went from the district attorney's office direct to the prison, and were taken to the cell where Granger was confined. He was lying on his bed, apparently sleeping, but moved and turned towards us as we entered. At first I thought there had been a mistake. Could that wasted, haggard face, and those large, deep-set, dreary eyes be the face and eyes of Alexander Granger? It seemed impossible. But he had recognized us at a glance, as I saw by the quick changes in his countenance, and made an effort to rise; but sunk back weakly on his hard pallet, a

\* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877, by T. S. ARTHUR, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

feeble moan coming at the same time through his lips.

"My poor, unhappy friend!" I said, in a voice of tender sympathy, as I sat down on the bed and took one of his hands in mine.

All the muscles of his face began to twitch and quiver. He shut his eyes closely, but could not hold back the shining drops that were already pressing through the trembling lashes.

I waited a little while before speaking again; but kept tightly hold of his hand.

"Sick and in prison. My poor friend!" letting my voice fall to a lower and tenderer expression.

He caught his breath with a sob. Tears fell over his cheeks. All the muscles of his face were shaking. I waited until the paroxysm was over. How weak and wasted he was! As I looked at him, my heart grew heavy with compassion.

"There is still a chance for you, Mr. Granger," said I, putting hope and confidence in my voice.

There was no response; not even a faint gleam on his wretched face.

"Will you not try again?"

"It won't be of any use, Mr. Lyon. It's very good of you; but it won't be of any use." He spoke feebly and mournfully; moving his head slowly from side to side.

"It will be of use. I am sure that it will," I said, with still more confidence.

"You don't know anything about it, Mr. Lyon." His voice had gained a steadier tone; but its utter hopelessness was painful.

"Here is Mr. Stannard," I said. "You remember him."

"Yes. It's very good of you, gentlemen. But I don't deserve your kindness."

"We are here as your friends," said Mr. Stannard, coming close to the bed. "We are going to help you to get upon your feet again and to become a new man."

He shook his head gloomily.

"I've done trying. What's the use of a man attempting to climb a hill when he knows that his strength must give out before he reaches the top, and that he will get bruised and broken in the inevitable fall. Better die in the ditch at the bottom, as I shall die."

He had raised himself a little, and was leaning on his arm.

"You have been sick," said I, wishing to take his mind away from the thought which was then holding it.

"Yes, worse than sick. I've been in hell and among devils."

"But have escaped with your life."

"I'm not so sure. It's about over with me, I guess. You see there's not much left to go and come on."

He held up one of his thin, almost transparent hands, but could not keep it steady.

"Don't say that. There's to be a new life within and without."

"Not for me. Not for Alexander Granger. Do you know what I am here for?" A dark cloud falling on his face. "For stealing!—for petty larceny! You see it's all over with me. The very shame of the thing is burning my life out. A thief! No, no, gentlemen. Even if I were able to stand against appetite, I could not bear up under a disgrace like this."

"It was not Alexander Granger who committed this crime," answered Mr. Stannard, "but the insatiate demon who had enslaved him and made him subject to his will. Let us cast out this demon and give the true, generous-hearted, honorable man back to himself and society again. It is for this that we are here, Mr. Granger."

He shook his head. "If, in the full vigor of manhood, I was not able to overcome and cast out this demon, what hope is there now? It were folly to make the effort. No, no, gentlemen. I give up the struggle. All that is worth living for is gone. An utterly disgraced and degraded man, what is left for me but to die and be forgotten? And I shall be better here, dying sober, than in the gutter or the station-house, dying drunk."

His voice trembled, and then broke in a repressed sob.

"There is One who can and who will save you, even from the power of this strong appetite which has so cursed you, my friend," said Mr. Stannard, speaking with a gentle persuasion in his tones, and at the same time laying his hand softly on Granger's head. "He is very near to you now—a loving Shepherd seeking for His lost sheep in the desolate wilderness, where it is ready to perish."

Then kneeling, with his hand still on Granger's head, he prayed in a low, hushed voice:

"Loving Father, tender Shepherd. This Thy poor wandering sheep is hungry and faint and ready to die. His flesh has been torn by the thorn and the bramble; the wild beast has been after him; and the poison of serpents is in his blood. No help is left but in Thee, and unless thy strong arm save him he will surely perish. Draw his heart toward Thee. Give him to feel that in Thee alone is hope and safety. In his helplessness and despair, let faith and trust be quickened. Thou canst save him from the power of this demon of drink. Thou canst set him in a safe way, and keep him from falling again. Give him to feel this great truth, that if he cast himself at Thy feet and cry from his sick and fainting heart, 'Save me, Lord! Thou wilt hear and save.'"

Can I ever forget the almost despairing cry for help that was in Granger's voice as he repeated the words, "Save me, Lord!" throwing his hands above his head as he spoke, and lifting his eyes upwards? A strange thrill ran along my nerves.

"He will save you," said Mr. Stannard, as he rose from his knees. "Trust in Him, and He will give you strength to overcome all your enemies. Though your sins be as scarlet, He will make them white as wool. They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion which cannot be removed, but abideth forever."

As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people."

I saw a change in Granger's face. It was growing calmer and stronger.

"There is a new life before you, my friend; and if you will look to God, and trust Him, and keep His words, you can live that life in safety. Will you try?"

"If I thought there was any use in trying. But what can I do? Where can I go?"

There was a pleading expression in look and voice.

"Will you try?"

"Yes, God helping me!" He spoke with a kind of trembling earnestness.

"We have a carriage outside," I said. "You will go with us?"

"How can I go? I'm a prisoner."

"A prisoner no longer. We have brought you a release."

"Is this only a dream?" he said, looking at us with a gathering doubt in his face. "But I am sick, and weak. I cannot walk. I can scarcely stand. I am not fit to go anywhere."

He was taken to the carriage we had in waiting, supported by two of the keepers. But few words passed as we drove into the city and over the rattling streets to the institution where we had arranged to place him. He was very weak, and almost in a fainting condition when we reached our destination. Beyond the door, our care of him ceased; but we left money to procure clean clothing with which to replace, after he had received a bath, the poor, tattered and unclean garments that were on his person.

"If this fail, all fails," I said to Mr. Stannard, as we came away.

"I do not believe it will fail," he replied.

"I would gladly share your confidence, but confess that I do not. The influences under which he will now come are, I can see, more favorable than any that have heretofore been brought to bear upon him; but there has been so great a physical and moral deterioration that I fear he can never get back the strength required for safe standing and sure resistance."

"He is stronger in my opinion to-day than he has been at any time in the last ten years."

"I scarcely see the ground of your confidence," said I.

"Stronger, because all faith and all trust in himself are dead. He had given up the struggle when we found him in prison—given up to die—and his 'Save me, Lord' came from the depths of his utter despair. There will be no more trust in himself, I think; no more matching of his weakness against the giant strength of an enemy before whose lightest blow he must surely fall. But a complete giving of himself into the care and protection of One who is not only mighty to save, and who saves to the uttermost all who come unto Him. Herein lies the ground of my confidence."

"In such a giving up, Mr. Stannard, what becomes of the manhood? Is it wholly lost?"

"It is in this surrender of ourselves to God that a higher and truer manhood is born. What is it to be a true man? To let the appetites and passions rule? or the reason, which, enlightened from above can see and determine what is just, and pure, and merciful? Does the man possess himself so long as he lets the lower things of his nature rule over the higher?—his appetites and the passions over his rational? The whole order of man's life has been reversed by sin. He has turned from God to himself; and vainly thinks that true manhood consists in self-dependence and self assertion; as though his inmost life were his own and not the perpetual gift of God. And so he tries to get as far away from God as possible, and to make a new life for himself; and as this new life begins in self, it is in the nature of things a selfish life, and separates him from God and his neighbor. And he lives this life down in the lower regions of his mind where sensual things reside—the appetites, the passions and the concupiscences. Is it any wonder that, so living, these sensual things should gain dominion over him; a dominion that nothing short of a divine power can break? Herein lies the loss of true manhood, which can only be restored when we are willing to sell all that we have of self in order to buy heavenly treasures. Granger is not going to lose, but gain his manhood."

"Ah, what a gain that would be!" I felt oppressed with the inflowing pressure of new thoughts. I was beginning to see, dimly, how two men might pray to God to be delivered from evil, and the prayer of one be answered, while that of the other proved of no avail. Until a man is ready to give up his selfish life and turn wholly from the evil of his ways, how can God help him to live the new and diviner life which will give him power to hold all the appetites and passions of his nature in due subjection and control? I saw for the first time an exact parallelism between spiritual and natural things. A vessel must be emptied of one substance before it can be filled with another. So must a soul be emptied of evil and selfishness before it can be filled with love to God and the neighbor. There must be poverty of spirit before the riches of divine grace can be given. "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven." The text flashed upon me with a new and deeper meaning than it had ever before brought to my mind.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

ON the following day I went to see Granger at the Reformatory Home. I found him in a clean well-furnished and cheerful room. He was in bed, looking very pale; but his eyes were clear and bright, and he welcomed me with a smile that played softly over his wasted features, and gave them a touch of their old fine quality. A book lay open on the bed. I saw that it was a copy of the New Testament. His manner was very subdued, and he did not speak until after I was seated; and then not until I had asked how he was feeling. His answer almost gave



me a start, it was so unexpected. He spoke in a low but even voice.

"As if I were standing just inside the gate of Heaven."

I waited for a few moments before replying, for I scarcely knew what to say; then remarked: "I am glad you feel so comfortable. This is better than the station-house or the prison."

The light went out of his face, but came back quickly.

"But for you, my kind friend, I should now be dying in the cell from which you and good Mr. Stannard brought me yesterday. It was God who sent you; and it seems as if I shall never be done thanking Him. My poor heart broke all down when Mr. Stannard prayed for me. It seemed as if God were all at once bending right over me, and when I cried out to Him in my helplessness, I had a feeling as if His arms were reached out and I taken into them. And I believe it was so."

"May they ever be round about you," I replied, scarcely able to keep my voice steady, for I was not prepared for this, and it affected me strangely.

"Nothing less can save me from the assaults of my enemy," he said, his countenance growing more serious.

I remained with him for half an hour, and when I left, my confidence in this new effort at reformation was greatly increased. An incident of the visit gave me large encouragement. As I sat talking with him, there came a rap on the door, and then a lady, in company with the matron of the Institution, entered. I knew her well by sight. She was related to a family of high social standing; and while a woman of refinement and intelligence, and an ornament to the circle in which she moved, was largely given to good works. Her hand as well as her heart were in many charities. She had often met Mr. Granger and his wife in their better days, and was among those who had been deeply pained at his downfall. A member of the Auxiliary Board of Lady Managers, she had learned on her visit to the Home that Mr. Granger was there, and all her interest was at once awakened. To save him and restore him to his family and society, was something to be hoped for, and prayed for, and worked for; and she lost no time in seeing him, and letting him feel the warmth of her interest in his welfare.

I was talking with Granger, as just said, when this lady, whom I will call Mrs. Ellis, entered his neat little chamber. He knew her, of course, and I saw a slight tinge of color steal over his pale face as she came to the bedside.

"I am right glad to see you here, Mr. Granger," she said, with an interest so genuine that it affected me.

"And I am glad to be here, Mrs. Ellis," he replied, in a voice subdued but earnest. "It is like coming out of hell into Heaven."

"May it indeed be as the gate of Heaven to your soul," she responded. "If that be so, all will be well with you again. And I pray for you that it may be

so. Only look to the blessed Saviour and trust in Him, and you shall be as Mount Zion which cannot be removed."

She remained only for a few minutes, but said as she was going out: "You are now among true friends, Mr. Granger; and they will do everything in their power to help you. Take heart; it is all going to come out right again."

He was much affected by this brief visit, and after Mrs. Ellis had left the room said, in a half-wondering tone of voice: "I can hardly understand it all. What is she doing here?"

I explained to him that she was one of the Lady Managers of the Institution, through whose constant care and supervision the highest comfort of the inmates was secured. That the presence of these ladies in the Home, as visitors and supervisors, enabled them to gain an influence with the inmates that was very helpful. They made themselves acquainted, as far as possible, with the nature of their domestic relations, if they had families, and if their families were in destitute circumstances, visited them and did whatever lay in their power to help them. Many desolate homes had already been made bright and happy through their agency.

Granger listened with half-closed lids while I spoke of all this. A deep sigh was his only response when I ceased speaking. His thoughts had evidently drifted out of the room in which he was lying, and gone far away from the Home. I did not break the spell of thought that was upon him, but waited until he came back to himself again.

"It seems still as if I were only dreaming," he said, lifting his eyes at length and looking at me with a kind of wistful earnestness. "As if I would awaken at any moment into the old, dreadful life."

"You may dream this dream to the end if you will," I replied.

"God keep me from waking!" He gave a slight shiver as he said this.

At my next visit I found Granger well enough to be down-stairs. He was in the reading-room talking with an intelligent-looking man, whose face I recognized as one with which I was familiar. I did not at first know this man; but when he reached out his hand and called me by name, his voice brought him to my recollection. He had once been a merchant, standing at the head of a firm doing a large business; but wine the mocker had betrayed him, and he had fallen into hopelessly dissolute habits. When I last saw him he was staggering on the street.

"Why, Lawrence!" I exclaimed, in pleased surprise. "You here!"

"Yes, I am here, friend Lyon. And here is our old friend Granger. You remember him."

"Of course I do," taking the hand of Mr. Granger as I spoke, who gave me back a silent pressure.

I looked at the two men, wondering at the change which had been wrought in them; noticing, as I have had occasion to notice many times since, the quick restoration of the face, after drink is abandoned, to something of its old, true character.

We sat down and had a long talk. Mr. Lawrence informed me that he had been there about five weeks; and was now holding the position of book-keeper in the store of one of the directors of the Home, but still boarded in the Institution, as he felt that he needed all the help it could give him. He had been separated for over two years from his wife, who was now living in a distant city; but he had already written to her, telling the good news of his reformation, and of his purpose, by God's help, to keep himself forever free from his old habits.

"And here's a letter from her that I received to-day," he said, as he took an envelope from his pocket with an almost child-like exhibition of pleasure. "And she writes that she'll be here in two weeks! She was always so good and so true; and she stayed by me until it was of no use. Poor Helen!"

I did not wonder at the dimness that came over his eyes; nor at the break and gurgle in his voice.

"But it shall never be again," he went on, after a little pause. "I trusted in myself, and did not care for God. He was never in my thoughts. But I have found a better way since I came here, and One who will keep me in that way if I look to Him—walking always by my side. So long as I put my trust in Him, I shall be safe; but not for a moment longer."

I was looking at Granger, and saw that his gaze was fixed intently on Mr. Lawrence. His eyes were a little dilated and there was a shade of sadness on his countenance. He did not take any part in the conversation. When an opportunity came for us to be alone, and I could ask more particularly about him, his manner changed and brightened; but was more subdued than on the occasion of my previous visit.

"You are looking so much better," I said, "and are feeling, of course, as well as you look."

"I hope so," he answered, quietly. Then, after a slight pause: "If one could only stop thinking, sometimes."

"Right thinking is the way to right acting," I replied, speaking in an aphorism, because I was not sure as to what was in his thought, nor how my answer might be taken.

"If it were as easy to do right as to think right, living in this world would be safer than it is. But that is not what I meant. It is the trouble of un-availing thought to which I refer. Ah, if I could only stop this kind of thinking for awhile! If I could only bury the past out of sight!"

"If your future be as the verdure of spring and the fruitfulness of summer, the past will ere long be covered, as the earth after a desolate winter is covered with greenness and beauty. The influx of life into what is orderly and good is quick and strong. You are already beginning to feel this influx, my friend. May it have steady increase."

A man came into the room where we sat conversing, and after taking a book from the library went out. I noticed that he had an intelligent face, and an air of refinement; but looked wasted and broken as though just risen from a severe illness.

"That is Dr. R——," said Granger. "He had a large practice in our city a few years ago; but lost it on account of intemperance. His family was broken up at last; wife and children being compelled to leave him. This breaking up of his family and separation from his wife and children so affected him that he quit drinking and started off for a western city in order to get away from old associations; there to begin life anew, and make for his family another home into which the old blight and curse should never come. But this change did not take him out of the sphere of temptation, nor diminish the strength of his appetite. He fought allurements and desire for awhile, and then yielded, little by little at a time, still fighting, but steadily losing the power to resist, until he was down again. That was five years ago. Falling and rising; now struggling for the mastery over his appetite, and now in its toils again; now taking his place in respectable society and now rejected and despised; never standing firm for longer than a few months at a time—the years since then have passed. Two weeks ago he came drifting back to his native city, a poor, helpless, broken wreck; with a vague impression on his mind that he was being impelled hither by a force he could not resist. He came, as a drifting wreck, wholly purposeless. Let me tell you the story of what followed, just as he told it to me. I give you his own words as near as I can remember them. He said:

"A man in Pittsburgh, to whom I told a plausible story, in which was not a single word of truth, got a pass for me on the railroad to this city, and gave me two dollars with which to get something to eat on the way. The first thing I did, after parting from him, was to buy a bottle of whisky. With this as my companion, I took my seat in the second-class car to which my pass assigned me and started on my journey eastward. The bottle was empty before half the distance had been made. It was filled at one of the stopping places, and emptied again before the trip was completed. So drunk that I could not walk steadily, I was thrust out of the car by a breakman on the arrival of the train at midnight, and sent into the street homeless and friendless. I still had forty cents in my pocket, and might have procured a night's lodging; but I preferred the station-house to a comfortable bed in order that I might have the means of getting my drink in the morning. When morning came, I made a narrow escape from a commitment to the county prison for drunkenness and vagrancy; but got off with a reprimand and a warning. At a cheap restaurant I spent fifteen cents for a breakfast, and ten cents for something to wash it down. In less than an hour afterwards the remaining fifteen cents had disappeared, and I was the worse for three glasses of bad whisky.

"Aimless and miserable, I wandered about for the whole of that day; spending the greater part of my time in bar-rooms, in the hope of being asked by somebody to drink. My thirst was growing intense. I was beginning to feel desperate. Late in the afternoon I went into a saloon and going up to the bar,

called for a glass of whisky, making a motion with my hand as if I were going to take money from my pocket. The bar-keeper eyed me sharply for a moment or two, and then gave me the liquor for which I had called. It was at my mouth and down my throat with the quickness of a flash. I knew by the man's face that he would kick me out of the saloon; but what cared I for that! My fumbling in my pockets, and turning them inside out, and my calling on God to witness that I had money when I came in, did not save me. I was collared and dragged to the door, and then kicked into the street. As I fell on the pavement, a crowd of boys jeered me, and when I attempted to rise pushed me over. A friendly policeman saved me from their farther persecutions.

"I was not drunk. The glass of whisky which I had taken did nothing more than give a little steadiness to my nerves. As I arose from the pavement, assisted by the policeman, I saw on the opposite side of the street a face that made my heart stand still. A young girl had stopped, and was looking across at me with a half-startled, half-pitiful expression. It was my own daughter, whom I had not seen for five years! A little girl of twelve when I last saw her, she was now a tall and beautiful young lady in her eighteenth year. Her dress was plain, but very neat, and she looked as if she might be on her way home from some store, or office, or manufactory, in which she was earning a livelihood. Scarcely had I recognized her, ere she turned and went on her way. But it seemed as if I could not let her go out of my sight. As though some strong invisible chords were drawing me, I started after her, keeping so close that her form was always in view. So I followed, now within a few paces, and now farther behind lest she might turn and recognize me, until we had gone for a distance of seven or eight blocks. Then she passed lightly up to the door of a house, and after ringing the bell, turned her face while she stood waiting so that I could see it again. It came to me like a gleam of sunlight. But in a moment after the sweet vision was gone, and I stood in outer darkness.

"I lingered about the neighborhood until the fast falling twilight was gone. Night shut in; the lamps were lighted, and the hurrying sound of homeward feet became almost silent. And still I lingered. Inside were, I believed, the wife and children I had once so loved and tenderly cared for; and I stood on the outside, an alien to the love which had once been given me in lavish return. Twice I ascended the steps and laid my hand on the bell, but turned each time and went back without ringing it. I will go away, I said, and make myself more fitted to come into their presence. But where was I to go? Friendless and penniless, soiled and tattered, who would take me in? And then there rushed upon me such an overwhelming sense of helplessness and degradation, and of the utter folly of any new attempt to lead a better life, that the very blackness of despair came down upon my soul! Better die! said a voice within me. Better take the chances of the life to come than

the certain misery of this. God is more merciful than men. I hearkened to this voice. A single plunge in the river, and all would be over. I felt the waters closing about me, and the rest and peace of their dark oblivious depths. I was sitting on the curb-stone with my face buried in my hands, when this purpose was reached, and was about rising to put it into execution, when a hand was laid on my shoulder, and a voice whose tones sent a thrill through me said: "You seem to be in trouble, my friend." It was the voice of a man whose family physician I had been more than ten years before, and its sound was as familiar to my ears as if no time had intervened since I heard it last. I could not move. A great weight seemed holding me down. "Are you sick?" The voice was even kinder than at first. "Yes," I replied. "Sick with an incurable disease."

"He did not speak again for several moments. Then he said, in a voice full of mingled compassion and surprise: "Dr. R—! Can it indeed be you?" "All that is left of me," I returned, not looking up or attempting to rise. "Sick, but not with an incurable disease, Dr. R—," he said, after a brief pause. "There is a Physician who can cure all manner of sickness. He can make the lame walk, the deaf hear, the blind see, and bring even the dead to life. Come to this good Physician, my old friend, and be healed of your malady."

"How strange and new this sounded—almost as much so as if I had never before heard of this Physician; and in fact, so far as any conscious need of Him was concerned, I never had. Sickness of the soul and the healing of spiritual diseases had been to me little more than figures of speech; and my idea of a Physician of souls had rarely lifted itself above the thought of a vague symbolism that might mean anything or nothing. But now there was in it something tangible; the impression of a real personality; and my poor despairing heart began to turn and lift itself, and to feel in its dead hopes the feeble motions of a new life. And when he said again, "Come, my old friend, come to this good Physician," and drew upon my arm, I got up from the curb-stone on which I was sitting, and stood cowering and trembling in my shame and weakness, dimly wondering as to how and where this Physician was to be found. "And now, doctor," he said, "do you really wish to be saved from the power of this dreadful appetite?" "I would rather drown myself than continue any longer in this awful bondage," I replied.

"And then I told him how I had made up my mind to gain deliverance through the desperate means of suicide. "My poor friend!" he answered, "there is a safer and better way. Come with me."

"I did not hesitate, but went with him. As we walked, he told me of this Christian Home, and said that if I would enter it and make use of all the means of reformation to which it would introduce me, I might hope to be restored to myself, and gain such power over my appetite as to hold it forever in check. And here I am, with new hopes and new purposes, and a trust in God for deliverance and

safety that my heart and my reason tell me shall not be in vain."

After Mr. Granger had related Dr. R——'s story, he said: "If that man can be saved, and if I can be saved, through trust in God, none is so fallen that he may not be lifted up and his feet set in a secure way." Then, after a slight pause, he added in a subdued and humble voice: "But in and of myself I cannot hope to stand. When I forget that, my imminent peril is nigh."

## CHAPTER XV.

AFTER two or three weeks the change in Mr. Granger's appearance was so great that I found it difficult to realize the fact that he was the same man whom we had, a little while before, taken from the county prison. Nutritious food was rapidly restoring muscular waste, and giving tension to shattered nerves. Sound sleep was doing its good work also. While above all and vital to all, was a new-born trust in God and a submission of himself to the Divine will and guidance.

I could see the steady growth of a new quality in his face; the expression of which was becoming softer—yet not losing the strength of a true manliness. The old confident ring did not come back to his voice; though it gained in firmness, and you felt in its tone the impulse of a resolute will.

Up to this time I had said nothing to Granger about his wife and children, nor had he referred to them; but I knew from signs not to be mistaken that they were hardly for a moment absent from his thoughts; and I was sure that his heart was going out to them with irrepressible yearnings. It could not be otherwise, for he was a man of warm affections.

Nor had I said anything of this new effort at reformation to Mrs. Granger, whom I had seen twice since she told me of her husband's visit to the photograph rooms. I had been trying ever since to find another place for Amy, but so far was not successful. Why should I keep the good news away from her any longer? I had withheld it so far, in fear lest the hope and joy it must occasion might too quickly be dashed to the ground. But now I was beginning to have a more abiding faith in this last struggle upon which Granger had entered; because of the new and higher elements of strength it was calling into exercise.

For several days I debated the question, and then dropped a note to Mrs. Granger, asking her to call at my office. She came promptly, hoping that I had succeeded in finding a situation for her daughter. I had not noticed before how much her beautiful hair had changed. It was thickly sprinkled with gray. A shadow lay in her large brown eyes, which had lost much of their former depth and brightness. There was an earnest, expectant manner about her as she came forward. I saw that she was troubled and anxious, and half-regretted having sent for her, not knowing, of course, how she might be affected by the information I was about to communicate.

"Any good word for Amy?" she asked, with an effort to keep her voice from betraying the suspense from which she was suffering.

"Nothing certain as yet," I replied. "But there's something else that I wish to talk with you about."

Her large eyes widened a little. She asked no question, but kept her gaze fixed upon me.

"Have you heard anything from Mr. Granger since Amy was at the photograph rooms?"

She shook her head; but did not remove her eyes from my face.

"You did not know that he was arrested and sent down to prison?"

A slight negative movement of the head, and a close, hard shutting of the lips.

"I heard of it, and went with a friend to see him."

A start, a catching of the breath and a receding color.

"I think he must have died within twenty-four hours if we had not taken him from the cell in which we found him. Utterly broken down in body and spirits, he had given up in despair."

The eyes of Mrs. Granger dropped swiftly from my face. I saw a strong shiver run through her body. There she was motionless as a statue.

"Mr. Stannard and I went to see him," I resumed.

"We had an order for his release, and took him to the new Reformatory Home in Locust Street, where he has been ever since."

Mrs. Granger raised her eyes and looked at me again. No light had come into them. If anything, the shadow that lay over them was deeper. I was disappointed at this apparent indifference, and at her failure to ask me any questions in regard to her husband.

"Mr. Stannard and I feel very hopeful about him."

She shook her head in a dreary way. "There is no hope," she murmured in a dead level voice. "It was kind of you and Mr. Stannard, and you meant well. But it will be of no use. If you had brought me word that he was dead, I would have felt thankful to know that his helpless, hopeless, wretched life was over. It is hard for me to say this, Mr. Lyon, but I can say nothing less. He is in the hands of a demon whose strength as compared with his is as that of a giant to a new-born infant."

"Is not God stronger than any devil?" I asked, speaking with quiet earnestness.

There was another quick, half-wondering dilation of her large eyes, and a swift change in her countenance. She waited for me to go on.

"There is no sin from which God cannot save a man," said I.

"Except, I have sometimes thought, the sin of drunkenness; it so utterly degrades and destroys the soul. It seems to leave nothing upon which men, or angels, or even God Himself can take hold."

She spoke with some bitterness, but with more of doubt and sorrow in her voice.

"Many men," I replied, "who had fallen quite as low as Mr. Granger, have been saved from this



dreadful sin and curse by means of the Institution where we have placed your husband, and are back in their old social places again, and restored to their once broken and deserted families."

A death-like paleness swept suddenly into her face. She reached out her hands and caught the table by which she was sitting, holding on to it tightly, and trembling violently.

"Have you not heard about this Franklin Home?" I asked.

She shook her head, her lips moving in a silent No.

"It is a Christian home," I said. "All its inmates are brought under Christian influences. There is daily readings of the Scripture, and also family prayer in the chapel of the Institution. Every Sunday evening religious worship is held in this chapel, and in the afternoon of Sunday there is a Bible class. First and last the inmates are taught that only by God's grace and help can they ever hope to overcome completely the sin of drunkenness. They must fight this, as well as all other evil habits and inclinations, shunning them as sins against God, and looking to Him for the strength that will give them the victory; so seeking to be saved from all sins, and coming thereby completely within the sphere of His Divine protection."

The manner of Mrs. Granger was that of one who did not clearly understand what was being said to her. There were rapid changes in her face, lights and shadows passing swiftly across it.

"For over three weeks your husband has been in this Home, and the improvement is so great as to be almost marvelous."

She laid her head down upon my office table, and I saw that she was weeping.

"I have never had so great faith in your husband's efforts at reform as I feel now. He has passed below the limit of self-confidence. Has lost all faith in himself. Knows that he cannot stand in his own strength. That only God can help and save him."

I heard the office door open, and turning saw Mr. Granger. As I uttered his name in a tone of surprise, his wife sprang to her feet, and turned toward him a face from which the color had gone out suddenly. The two gazed at each other for some moments, standing a little apart, their startled faces all convulsed.

"Helen! Oh, my poor Helen!" came trembling from Granger's lips, as he saw the sad changes which a few sorrowful years had wrought upon her. There was an involuntary reaching out of his hands; but he held himself away. His voice was inexpressibly tender and pitiful. Still, very still, she stood; then I saw a slight movement; and then, with a low cry, "My husband! my husband!" she sprang forward and laid her head on his bosom, his arms at the same moment gathering tightly around her. I went out and left them alone. When I came back, they were gone.

I was concerned about this. Granger had been, I felt, too short a time at the Home to be safely re-

moved from its influence. I was not one of those who believed that in an instant of time a sinner was washed white and clean, and lifted wholly away from temptation and danger. To be born again, converted, renewed by the Spirit, had for me a different meaning. I had thought much about these things of late, and held many conversations with Mr. Stannard, whose mind to me seemed peculiarly enlightened. I believed that man must be a co-worker with God. That there was no washing until after repentance and the putting away of evils as sins; and that the "every whit clean," when applied to young converts, was a fallacy, and in consequence a snare; that "He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment," and none others. I believed that a change of heart was a gradual thing, progressing with the new life of obedience to divine laws, and that as obedience was continued and perfected, the new spiritual man became stronger and stronger, until at last able to stand firm though all hell were in battle array against him.

Only a few weeks since we had lifted this man out of the mire and clay; only a few weeks of the new and better life. Was he strong enough to leave the safe harbor in which he had been anchored for so short a time, and try the open sea again? I did not believe it. My fear was, that he had gone home with Mrs. Granger, and that he would not return again to the Institution in which we had placed him. If this were so, I should tremble for his safety.

In the evening I went to the Home; and to my great relief found Mr. Granger in the reading-room. The whole expression of his countenance had changed. There was a light in it which I had not seen before. He grasped my hand and held it firmly for a few moments without speaking.

"Coming out right very fast," said I.

"Yes, faster than I had dared to hope," he replied.

"Did you go home with your wife?"

"No. We walked together for an hour after leaving your office, and then I came back here. I am too weak yet for any great trial of my strength. It is easy enough to stand with all these helps around me; but I must grow stronger in myself before I attempt to walk alone. And then I cannot be a burden to my poor wife, who is already overtaxed in her efforts to keep a home for our children. As soon as possible I must get something to do that I may come to her relief."

"Will you open a law office again?"

"Law is my profession. I have no skill in anything else. It is my only way of return to business and profit. Yes, just as soon as I feel strong enough to make the effort, I shall endeavor to get into practice. In passing along Walnut Street to-day, I saw several small offices to let, any one of which would suit me. My great drawback will be the want of a law library."

"Don't let that trouble you," I replied. "There are plenty of old friends in the profession who will gladly let you have the use of books until you are able to buy for yourself. As soon as it is seen that

you are in real earnest about getting on your feet again, you will receive a warm welcome and the grasp of many helping hands."

Within six weeks from the time Granger came out of prison, he had a desk in the office of a prominent lawyer, whose large practice enabled him to throw considerable business in his way from the very start. He still remained at the Reformatory Home, where, for a moderate price, he had a well-furnished room and excellent board. He not only identified himself with the institution, but became deeply interested in the work of reform. He had himself been a cast-away on the desolate shore where so many thousands are wrecked every year; and he knew all the pains and horrors of such disasters. His pity and his sympathy drew him towards every new inmate of the Home, and prompted him to do all that lay in his power to encourage, comfort and help him to begin that new and higher life, in which, as he never failed to urge, true and permanent safety could alone be found.

"Have you ever attended religious service at the Home on Sunday evening?" Mr. Stannard asked, one day. It was about two months after Mr. Granger's admission. I had not.

"Come round to-morrow night. It will interest you. Rev. Mr. S—— is going to preach to the men."

I went, and to my surprise found the little chapel, which held about two hundred, so well filled that only a few seats remained. There were quite as many women as men; wives, mothers, sisters or friends of the inmates. A little way back from the reading-desk I noticed Mr. Granger, and it almost took my breath when I saw his wife sitting on one side of him and his daughter on the other. There was reading from the Bible, and one or two hymns in which the whole congregation joined heartily. Then a most excellent sermon from one of the leading clergymen of the city.

It was a long time since I had been so much impressed as by the services of this evening. I sat where I could look into the faces of nearly all who were present. Just in front of me was Mr. Granger; and beside him his wife and daughter, all attentive listeners to the discourse. Not far from them I recognized the person of Dr. R——. He sat between two women also, and I had no doubt from the way they leaned towards him, or turned now and then to look at him, that one was his wife, and the other the daughter whom he had followed for so many blocks in the street, too sorely conscious of his degradation to dare even to speak to her. And Mr. Lawrence who had written to his wife and received the promise of her speedy return, was there likewise; and by him sat a woman with a calm, strong, true face, and I saw with a throb of feeling which sent the moisture to my eyes, that she was holding one of his hands tightly in one of hers.

There were nearly a hundred men present who had been, or were now, inmates of the Institution; and wives, sisters and mothers almost as many more. And indeed was the writing on nearly all of the faces

into which I gazed; but light mingled with the shadows. There were men before me who had been drunkards for over ten and twenty years—some for even a longer time—and women who had borne the awful sorrow of the drunkard's wife for periods quite as long.

What followed touched me most of all. After the benediction was said, and the congregation began slowly to retire, I saw little groups of twos and threes and fours gathering here and there, standing or sitting, and soon comprehended what it meant. Here you saw a husband and wife, who had lived apart for years, sitting close together in earnest conversation; and there wife and children gathered about a husband and father who had long been lost to them, but was now found again. What light and even joy were to be seen in the faces of many; the women's faces especially. And it was affecting to notice some of the children—little girls more particularly—holding tightly to their father's hands, sitting close to and leaning against them, or looking up lovingly into their faces. There were many tender re-unions that night in the little chapel, above whose reading-desk a silken banner held the inscription, "BY THE GRACE OF GOD, I AM WHAT I AM."

I made my way, as soon as the crowd had cleared a little, to where Mr. Granger and his wife and daughter were standing together. They looked very happy—yes, "happy" is the word—and greeted me with much cordiality.

"Is this the first time you have attended worship in our chapel?" Mr. Granger asked.

"The first time," I replied. "But I feel as if it were not going to be the last. I have heard people speak of the 'sphere of worship,' but never knew what it meant until to-night."

"It is because," he answered, "there are very few in the congregations that assemble here on Sunday evenings, who do not feel that their only hope is in God, and that without His grace they cannot stand for a moment."

"Who are all the people I see around me?" I asked.

"About thirty of the men are present inmates of the Home. Nearly all the rest were formerly inmates, and are standing firm. They come here on Sunday evening; and those who have families bring their wives and many their children. If one absents himself from these Sunday evening services, there is a feeling of concern in regard to him; for experience has shown, that the first sign of danger is a manifest indifference to the things of religion. I never look at that banner above the reading-desk, without a new sense of my entire dependence on God for strength to walk safely in the midst of temptation; and I am sure that its silent admonition has wrought a like influence with many others. It is by God's grace that I am what I am."

Mrs. Granger's large eyes were fixed on her husband's face while he spoke; and I saw something of their old charm coming back into them. A soft smile was hovering like a faint gleam of sunshine on

her lips. We moved back the chairs amid which we were standing, making with them a small circle, and sat down together.

"My last night in the Home," said Granger, after a brief silence. His voice had lost some of its steadiness.

"Indeed?" I betrayed a little surprise.

"Yes." He turned toward his wife, looking at her tenderly. "We are going to set up our household gods again."

The smile grew warmer on her lips.

"We have taken a little home, and are going to make a new start in life; and there is going to be in this home what was never seen in the old home. Shall I tell you what that is, my good friend to whom I owe so much?"

I waited for him to go on. Hushing his voice, and speaking reverently, he said: "A family altar."

Before the silence that followed was broken, we were joined by the president and two or three gentlemen who were active in the management of the Home. While I was talking with them, Mr. and Mrs. Granger, with their daughter, drew away, and a little while afterwards I saw them separate at the door of the chapel.

On the next day Granger left the Institution, and went back into the old common life, to try, amidst its thousand enticements to evil, the new sources of strength in which he was now trusting for safety.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

STILL in the very prime of manhood, the springs of action were yet strong. An orderly life soon restored Granger to a measure of the old vigor, and it was not long before cases of importance began to come into his hands. And now my concern for him began to grow again. If the engrossing cares of his profession, and the worldliness that creeps in so easily through the door that prosperity opens, should draw him into religious indifference, and inspire him with self-confidence, would not the old peril return?

One thing gave me much assurance. Granger had identified himself with the cause of temperance, and made frequent public addresses. He took an active part in all movements designed to effect restrictive legislation, and was the author of several able articles in which the magnitude of the liquor traffic and its attendant evils were set forth with startling boldness.

Had the family altar been set up? Yes. I put the question direct about six months after he had left the Institution in Locust Street. He laid his hand quietly but firmly on my arm as he replied: "In my home and in my heart."

His countenance softened, and his eyes grew tender. I learned then for the first time that he had become much interested in church work, and had been chiefly instrumental in the establishment of a mission school in a destitute part of the city; and that he did not confine his efforts alone to the poor children who were gathered into this school, but endeavored to reach with good influences their parents, many of

whom were sadly degraded, and most of them intemperate. On expressing my gratification, he merely said: "I would make a poor return for all the good I have received, if I did not try to do something for others. The heart that closes itself to gratitude, closes itself to higher and diviner things. If the love of God be in a man, it must prompt him to help and save others; and his love is spurious—of himself and selfish—call it by what name he may, if it does not do this."

"What about that old appetite?" I asked on another occasion. It was six months later. "Does it trouble you?"

"No."

"Has it been extirpated?"

He looked at me for a few moments, a serious expression gathering on his face, and then replied: "It would be about as safe for me to put a pistol to my head as a glass to my lips. Appetite is not dead; it has only been removed from the seat of power and made passive and subordinate. I give it no opportunity. I resist its slightest effort to rise, and hold its indulgence as a sin which I dare not commit."

"When its motions are felt, how do you resist them?"

"As I would resist a temptation to steal or commit murder, or any other sin against God. I turn my thought from the image or allurements, and hold myself free from action. If temptation presses, I lift my heart and say, 'Lord, deliver me from evil;' and He does deliver me."

"Do you often have these temptations?" I asked.

"Their assaults are growing less and less frequent, and less and less violent. But I make it a rule to keep away as far from the enemy's ground as possible. Invitations to public dinners where liquor is served I rarely if ever accept. And I am as chary of private entertainments, where wine is too often more freely dispensed than water. Nothing would tempt me to go inside of a drinking saloon, unless it were in order to save some fallen brother, and then my good purpose would be a panoply of defence."

"Do you never expect to have this appetite wholly removed?"

"What may come in the future is more than I can say. But safe abiding to the end is what I desire, and I do not mean to fail through any overweening confidence in the utter extinction of this appetite."

"Do you not believe that God will take it away in answer to prayer? Take it away by an act of grace, and without any resistance to the demands of appetite, or co-operation of any kind on your part?"

"No, I do not believe anything of the kind. I have met with some who held such a view, and who spoke confidently as to themselves; but I have always regarded them as being in more danger than others. I cannot understand how it is possible for God to save a man who makes no effort to save himself. I have seen quite a number of cases in the last year, where men professed to be cleansed from all sin, drunkenness included, in a moment of time, and simply in answer to prayer. It did not take a great

while to make it manifest that the old Adam was about as strong in them as before. Some of them led better lives, and were able to keep free from drunkenness; but it was not because their evil inclinations had been removed in answer to prayer and faith; but because they began fighting them, and looking to God as they fought, and overcoming through the divine power that is given to all who will take it. Regeneration is a slow and gradual work; not the sudden creation of a new spiritual man with all of his affections in Heaven. This higher life is not attained through faith and prayer, but through combat against the evils that are in the human heart. The church is militant.

"Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize  
Or sailed through bloody seas?  
Sure I must fight, if I would reign;  
Increase my courage, Lord!  
I'll bear the cross, endure the pain,  
Supported by thy Word."

"Fight against what? The world, the flesh and the devil. Where? In our hearts; for no where else can they assail or do us harm; and with God on our side, and the divine power of His Word from which to take sword and shield, we may be invincible if we will—Christian soldiers, fighting our way to Heaven; not weak spiritual babes, borne thither in supporting arms, and of little use when we get there."

Granger had been thinking, living and growing more than I had thought. I saw in clearer light the ground of his safety. He was not a mere professor, trusting for salvation in some ideal purification, or resting satisfied in simple church-membership; but an earnest inner-living and outer-working Christian man, who could give a reason which other men's reason might apprehend for the hope that was in him.

From that time my concern for Granger decreased; for I understood better wherein his strength lay. He was living a new life, obedient to divine laws, in the higher and more interior regions of his mind; and this new life, or new spiritual man, born from above "of water and of the Spirit"—was ruling over the old natural life and holding it in orderly subjection. With him, reason and faith had become harmonized. He was not walking blindly; nor in any false security, trusting in some dogma he could not understand; but in a clear spiritual light—a thinking as well as a believing Christian. With him, faith was the "evidence of things not seen;" and this faith, or evidence, had two foundations to rest upon, the Divine Law and the reason which God had given him for the apprehension of that Law. "A blind faith is worth nothing—is no faith at all," he would say. "Is, in fact, spiritual blindness. But Christ came to open the eyes of the spiritually blind that they might see, and discern the weightier things of His law—judgment, mercy and faith—in the keeping of which salvation is alone to be found."

"The whole theory of religion is embraced in this

simple precept," he once said to me: "Cense to do evil because it is sin, and therefore contrary to the Divine Law. When a man does this, he makes an effort to obey God; and obedience is higher than faith and more effectual than sacrifice. Just as soon as a man begins to shun the evils to which he is inclined, because to do them would be sin, God begins in him the work of purification, and gives him strength for still further resistance. This is true saving faith; for it is the faith of obedience—the faith that looks humbly to God, trusts in Him and seeks to do His will. The first effort may be very feeble, but if it be a true effort, Divine strength will flow into it; and then he will have an almost immediate sense of deliverance, followed by a season of rest and peace. The dangers of this first state are many. In the parable of the Sower our Lord has declared them. Only they 'which in an honest and good heart, having heard the Word, keep it, and bring forth fruit with patience'—the fruit of right living—can attain to the kingdom. Too many err in mistaking this first delight, when the springing blade feels the refreshing airs and warm sunshine of heaven, for the later harvest time. With them the good seed has fallen in stony places or among thorns. Alas, that we have so many of these!"

Mr. Granger's interest in the cause of temperance grew as he continued to devote all the time he could spare from his profession to the work of its extension. When, two years after his reformation, that remarkable movement known as the "Woman's Crusade," began in Ohio, and spread with the rapidity of a prairie fire from town to town and State to State, until it reached almost every city and hamlet in the land, he gave it such aid and approval as lay in his power. I was surprised at this, and said so frankly.

"It is a mere outbreak of wild enthusiasm," I remarked, "and will die as suddenly as it has flamed up. And, moreover, those who are engaged in it are acting in violation of law, and order, and the sacredness of individual rights."

He waited for a little while before answering me, and then said: "I have watched this movement, and thought about it a great deal; and I must own that it has stirred my heart profoundly. There is something deeper in it than I am yet able clearly to comprehend. That its effects are marvellous no one can deny—and good as well as marvellous. If praying with and for saloon-keepers, in or out of their bar-rooms, will induce them to abandon their deadly traffic, then I say 'God-speed!' to those who see in this way of fighting the common enemy their line of duty. If praying will shut the doors of all the saloons in a town, by all means let prayer be tried."

"But is it really prayer that does the work?"

"Prayer is certainly the chief agency. No one can question that."

"You believe, then, that because a praying band of women kneel down in a saloon and pray to God to turn the heart of the keeper away from his evil work



and lead him to abandon it, that God answers their prayers and converts the saloon-keeper?"

"You have the facts of such conversions before you; and they are not a few. How will you explain them?"

"I confess myself at fault. But I do not believe that God was any the less inclined to convert the saloon-keeper and lead him to abandon his work of destroying men, soul and body, before the women prayed than He was afterwards."

"Perhaps not. Indeed I am sure He was not. God's love for the human race is infinite, and cannot therefore gain any increase through man's intercession. If He waits to be entreated, it is for the entreaty that shall change man's attitude toward Him, not His attitude to man. And herein I take it lies the value and the power of prayer."

"But how can the prayers of a band of women change a saloon-keeper's attitude toward God?" I asked. "He doesn't pray, but actually sets himself against prayer. Instead of looking to God, he rejects Him."

"All that is affected by prayer we cannot know," Granger replied; "for its influence is in the region of things invisible to mortal eyes. We understand but little of the laws that govern spiritual forces; but that they are as unerring in their operations as any laws in nature, we may safely conclude."

Mr. Stannard joined us here, and learning the subject of our conversation, said: "If you will reflect a little, I think you will see that there must be a kind of spiritual medium or atmosphere on which our thoughts and feelings pass in some mysterious way from one to another, as light and sound are transmitted by our common atmosphere. Let us suppose, by way of illustration, that a mother is thinking intently of her absent son, and her heart at the same time going out lovingly toward him. Or let us suppose that she feels deep concern for his spiritual state, and is praying earnestly that he may turn from the evil of his ways and give his heart to God. Now, will not her thought of her son reach him on some medium of transmission too subtle to be perceived by our grosser senses, and so make her present to his thoughts? And will not the loving concern which is affecting her so deeply reach him at the same time, and open his heart to the heavenly influences which have been waiting, it may be for years, at the shut door for an opportunity to come in? God has not changed. He has not waited for the mother's prayers to reach Him before He will save her son; but the mother's prayers have affected the son, and revived, it may be, old states of innocence, or reverence for God, or thoughts of love and duty into which angelic impulses might flow and the Spirit of God take hold, and through them quicken the sleeping conscience."

"There is a doctrine which, if true—and I think it must be true—throws a strong light on this subject, and explains the phenomena of what are regarded as answers to prayer. It is this: From infancy up to mature years, the Lord continually

provides for the storing up in the memory of pure, and true, and innocent things—such as various states of innocence and charity; of love toward relatives, brothers and sisters, teachers and friends; of mercy toward the poor and needy, and kindness toward all. When infancy is passed, and the mind begins to open, then, as far as it is possible to be done, the Lord provides that some precepts of life be stored up, as duty to the Lord and the neighbor, and also knowledge of faith. These remain protected in the inner memory, as the things by which the Lord can operate with man after he arrives at the age of freedom and rationality; and it is by means of these that He lifts him out of his inherited evil affections, and leads him heavenward."

"A most important doctrine if true," I said. "But I am not able to see how it explains the phenomena of answers to prayer."

"Suppose," replied Mr. Stannard, "we take the case of a saloon-keeper in whose memory, hidden away and covered up for years, have lain some of these innocent, and tender, and merciful states, stored there in childhood through the loving care of a mother. The Lord has been very watchful over them; and has kept them hidden and safe in some closely sealed chamber, lest the evil things of his evil life should destroy them. Not one of these states has been lost; not a good or true precept erased from the book of his memory—they have only been kept away from his consciousness while he immersed himself in evil, so that they might not be rejected and lost. This man is in his bar-room. The door opens and half a dozen women enter. The moment he sees them, his anger flames out, and he launches frightful oaths and vile imprecations against them. But the women are in earnest. They believe in the power of prayer, and are going to try its influence here. As they pass into the saloon, the clear, sweet voice of the leader swells out, and for the first time in a dozen years, it may be, there breaks on the man's ears the words, 'All hail the power of Jesus' name!' It does not need the chorus of voices that take up the words and music to drown his imprecations. They have already died on his lips. What a strange feeling has come over him! Where is he? In the old village church, listening to his mother's or his sister's voice in the choir? The Lord has ever been very near to him, though unseen and unknown, waiting for an opportunity like this. How still he stands, listening and bending a little forward toward the singers! And now, in the strange hush that follows, the women kneel, and one of them lifts her voice, speaking to God reverently, and asking Him to touch and soften the heart of this man, who has forgotten the loving precepts of his mother and the God whom she served, and who has given himself to the work of destroying his fellow-men. 'Have pity on him, Lord!' she says, in pleading tones; 'for the hurt to himself will be deeper than the hurt to his neighbor. By the memory of his mother's love, of his pure and innocent childhood, of the prayers that came once from his sweet baby lips, touch and soften his heart,

and turn it to higher and better and holier things.' Do you wonder, as the women rise, and commence singing 'Nearer my God to Thee,' that the bowed head of the saloon-keeper is not raised; that his eyes are dim, if not blinded by tears? Do you wonder that conviction of sin strikes him to the heart; or that, under these influences, quickened and strengthened by the Spirit of God which has found an opportunity in this stirring of old memories and revival of old states, he is filled with such a horror of his old life, and such sorrow for the evil he has done, that he resolves, through God's help, to be a new and a better man?

"Now, what did prayer effect in this case? Did God soften and change the heart of this man in answer to the prayers that were offered in his saloon? Or, were these prayers the agency by which God's Spirit was able to reach his heart and vivify the remains of innocent, and good, and holy things, which through the Divine mercy, had been stored up in childhood and youth and kept hidden away and safe from destruction? I cannot comprehend how the first could be. The last is clear to my apprehension. The first makes God seem worse than indifferent. Souls may perish by myriads if no one will make intercession for them. He will not stoop to save, unless supplication be offered. But in the latter view He is forever bending down, merciful and compassionate; forever reaching out His hands; forever providing the means of salvation; forever seeking to save that which is lost. Prayer becomes a more powerful agent, in so far as its rationale is seen. Faith is not diminished, but made stronger. We need not ask God to be gracious; to turn away His anger; to be pitiful and compassionate—for He is as much more loving, and pitiful, and compassionate than any man or angel as the infinite is greater than the finite. But we may feel sure, if we pray from the heart for submission to the Divine will; for patience, and humility, and strength for duty and self-denial, that our prayers will be answered, in the degree that they are offered in spirit and in truth."

"But our prayers for others," said Mr. Granger. "What form of intercession shall we use for them? How shall we make them avail for good? This is now the important question."

"Let each pray out of the fullness of his heart," Mr. Stannard replied. "If it be with those whom we seek to influence and turn from evil to God, the effect will be more marked, and often attended with more favorable results than when we pray for the absent and the unseen. Our voices and tones and the words we speak are heard by those for whom we thus pray and more quickly penetrate the locked chambers of the soul where the Lord has been keeping the remnant of precious things which has been left from infancy and childhood, and by the quickening and life of which He can save their souls from sin. And let us not fail to pray for the absent in whom our interest has been awakened; for our beloved ones; for any and all towards whom our hearts are yearning. And as we pray, let us think of them intently, so that

we may come nearer to them in spirit, and our thought of God bring the thought of Him into their minds, so that He may be able to stir in their hearts the motions of a better life. The Lord is not waiting for our prayers to avail with Him that He may do this; but for our prayers, it may be, as the only means by which the doors of their hearts can be opened to let Him come in."

#### CHAPTER XVII.

THE "Crusade," as it was called, went on; and for awhile the whole country was in a state of wondering excitement. Thousands of saloons were closed; and in many towns the traffic in intoxicating liquor ceased altogether. Brewers, especially in some of the larger western cities, took the alarm, as well they might, for the sale of beer had diminished so rapidly that the fear of ruin began to stare them in the face. At Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis so heavy a loss was suffered in the internal revenue from malt liquors that Government officials became much disturbed in consequence.

And still the Crusade went on. But now the surprised and discomfited enemy began to rally his scattered forces. In some of the smaller towns he had fought desperately; but only with partial success in a few cases. Except in the larger cities, he had been sorely hurt, or vanquished altogether. But here he was able to make his first sure stand, and to begin striking back with an effective force that restored his confidence. The aid of the press was invoked; appeals made to the law; fines imposed; and the interference and protection of local governments demanded. Praying in saloons was declared to be a nuisance, if not a crime against social order; and the assembling of women in the streets for singing and prayer was forbidden because it led to riot. In Cincinnati, Cleveland and other cities, disgraceful attacks were made by brutal men on some of the praying bands; and in a few cases Christian women were arrested and sent to prison.

Almost as suddenly as this strange, intense and irresistible impulse had risen, gained strength and swept over the land, did it seem to die away; and the enemy said it was dead, and made rejoicings over its obsequies. The wise ones who knew from the beginning that it would speedily come to nought, were happy in their fancied prescience. As for myself, the result was scarcely different from what I had anticipated. The thing was abnormal, in my view, and could not last. Merely an impulse—wild and strong—which must die from exhaustion. But my sympathies had been all on the side of the movement; and there were times when the irresistible strength of its onward rush had led me to question whether some new spiritual force had not been evolved, through the agency of these praying women, which was destined to sweep this fearful curse of intemperance from our land.

But the seeming collapse of the movement left my mind free to drift back among former ideas and

impressions, and even to take up the belief that as a result of this wild impulse there would follow a corresponding indifference and supineness.

"What do you think of the woman's movement now?" I asked of Mr. Granger, who had made several public addresses while the excitement was at its height in our city, and in act as well as speech given it both aid and sympathy. "I was afraid of this," I added, before he had time to answer my question.

"Afraid of what?" he inquired.

"Of its utter collapse. A little while ago, and it was the great sensation of the day. The columns of our most influential and most widely circulating newspapers were teeming with its marvels and its achievements. To-day, there is scarcely to be found in any of them so much as a paragraph an inch long to tell of its dying throes."

"And yet," he answered, speaking with an earnestness that surprised me, "this woman's movement was never so strong, and deep, and effective as it is to-day."

"I do not see the evidence," I replied.

"There is more real strength in unobtrusive, thoughtful, well-organized effort, than in the impetuous sweep of high-wrought impulse," said Granger. "In this great pioneer movement, this wild rush of wronged, and in many cases heart-broken and desperate women, as, losing faith and hope in man, they sprang upon their deadly foe with a bitter cry to God for help, there came to them a revelation of the true sources of their power. The Lord answered them in the still, small voice, that grew clear and sweet and full of comfort and assurance as the noise of the whirlwind which had rent the mountain grew silent on the expectant air. In prayer they had found a weapon which, if rightly used, would make them invincible. Should they throw it away in despair, because in the very first great trial their hands had struck a little wildly, and the maddened foe seemed pushing them in consequence to a small disadvantage? Not so! They had heard the still, small voice, and knew it to be the voice of their Lord. If the prayers of a few hundreds, or a few thousands, of Christian women could effect so much, what might not be done through the united prayers of tens and hundreds of thousands of such women, going up in concert from every city, town, village and neighborhood in the land? Here was a question full of significance and large with promise; and this is the question to which some of the best and most thoughtful women of our country are giving an earnest consideration to-day. But their hands are not resting while they consider it; nor is the sword by which they mean to have the victory lying idle in its scabbard. Neither prayer nor work among saloon-keepers and their families, and among their wretched victims, has ceased because the press no longer makes record of the fact; nor are the results less wide and cheering because the general public remains unadvised."

"Have you evidence of all this?" I asked, not concealing my astonishment.

"Abundant."

"And the work of praying in saloons still goes on?"

"No. That has ceased almost entirely. It was only a pioneer movement—a first wild rush upon the enemy and trial of his strength and resources. He is not only able to guard himself in this direction, but to weaken and divide the forces of his assailants if the advance is made upon him here. Organization, drill, discipline, wise generalship, a knowledge of the laws that govern in attack and defence; all these are in progress and being gained now."

"While the enemy, warned by his brief discomfiture, will entrench himself more securely," said I.

Granger smiled. "In war the resources of attack gain perpetually on defense. To be invincible is to be exceptional. Our women are already getting their siege guns in position, and organizing their sappers and miners. Their spies and scouts are busy; weak places are being discovered, and new modes of assault adopted. Let me give you a single instance connected with the present state of the war in our own city, which has never been intermitted. There was a certain saloon-keeper who had repulsed a praying band with considerable rudeness. He had a wife and two young daughters, and a son in his twelfth year; his family living a short distance from his bar-room. A committee of twelve women were selected to visit in the neighborhood, and do what lay in their power as well to repress the evil of intemperance as to guard the young from its fatal allurements. To visit and pray in saloons was no longer in their programme; but to reach the saloon-keepers and get them to abandon their traffic was; and to the work of doing this with the one I have mentioned they set themselves in sober earnest. Their first business was to learn all about him; the character of his family, and the nature of his home relations. He was not a bad man, the neighbors said, and, when he did not drink too freely, was kind and indulgent. A visit by a single one of the ladies was now made. At first the wife was cold and distant; but the visitor was a woman with so much of the magnetism of Christian charity in her soul, and withal so wise and prudent of speech, that it was not long before the heart of the saloon-keeper's wife opened to her, and the mother's hidden concern for her boy and two young daughters became manifest. After a brief, carefully-worded prayer, the visitor went away; but not without asking if she might not call again, and receiving an invitation to do so.

"At her next visit, she got farther down into the woman's heart and confidence, and was able to speak to her with some freedom about the danger that was in the path of her son—a danger it was scarcely possible for him to escape if his feet continued therein. The mother wept at the picture of peril the lady drew, and said: 'Oh, if my husband were in some other business!' The boy, a fine-looking lad, came in while they were talking about him. The lady took his hand and spoke to him kindly, then drew her arm about him and asked if he went to Sunday-

school. On his saying No, she told him that she had a class of nice little boys and would be glad to have him among them. He was pleased with her notice, and touched by her gentle kindness. On the next Sunday the lad presented himself at school and was taken into the lady's class. He was very attentive and orderly, and promised to come again on the following Sunday. True to his promise, he was there, conducting himself with as much decorum and attention to his lessons as at first. A juvenile temperance meeting was held at the close of the school, and all who were not already members invited to join. A little to the surprise and greatly to the lady's delight, the boy came forward and enrolled his name, receiving a card on which a pledge not to drink intoxicating liquors, or to give them away, or traffic in them, was printed. At the bottom he wrote his signature.

"Naturally a little anxious to know what effect had been produced at home by this, and what the prospect of the boy's being able to keep his pledge, the lady called to see the saloon-keeper's wife near the close of the week, when she heard the following story:

"When John told me what he'd done, and showed me his pledge, I was so glad! And I kissed him, and I said: 'You must keep it forever and forever, John.' And he said that that was just what he meant to do. I kept it from his father; for I didn't know just how he'd take it. It seemed like a reflection on him. 'John,' says his father, on Monday morning, as he was leaving, 'come along. I want you in the bar to-day. Peter's going on an excursion, and I can't be left all alone.' John's face became right pale. He hadn't moved when his father got to the door; on seeing which he called out, sharply: 'Did you hear me?' 'You'll have to go, John,' said I, in a whisper; for, you see, my husband's quick, and I was afraid for the boy. So they went out, and I was dreadfully troubled about him. It was, maybe, an hour afterwards that John returned. He had a scared kind of look about him as he came in. 'What's happened? Why have you come home?' I asked. 'Father sent me home.' 'What for?' 'Well, you see, mother, when Peter went, father told me that I must tend bar in his place; and then I said: 'I'm sorry, father, but I've taken the pledge and can't drink, nor give liquors away, nor sell it to anybody.' 'How dare you! you young villain!' he cried out; and I was afraid he'd knock me down, he looked so strange and wild like. Then he got red, and pale, and I thought once he was going to strangle, he breathed so hard; and then, as a customer came in, he said: 'Off home with you!'"

"I didn't see anything of my husband until late that night," continued the saloon-keeper's wife. "He was alone in the bar and had to stay till business was over. I was sitting up for him, but John was in bed. He didn't say a word; but I noticed that he hadn't been drinking, and that gave me a little heart. In the morning he met John at the breakfast-table. I had been dreading this meeting. He didn't speak to him, but two or three times as he sat eating in a silent, moody sort of a way, I saw him steal a curious look

at the boy's face. He hadn't half-finished his breakfast, it seemed to me, when he pushed his chair away, and says he: 'John, I want you!' and went out of the dining-room into the passage. John got almost white, but went out and shut the door after him. I felt dreadfully, for I didn't know what was going to happen. In about a minute John came back alone. The color was all over his face now, and there was a great light in his eyes. 'Father says it's best now that it's done, and that he'll expect me to keep it.' I was such a happy woman, and cried for joy.

"And that isn't all, ma'am," she went on. "Somehow my husband can't get over it; and he's spoken so kind to John ever since, and only last night he said: 'Jane, I wish I could see my way clear out of this business. I don't like it at all.' Oh, if he only could get out of it!"

"Let us pray that the Lord will make all plain before him," said the lady visitor. And then she knelt down with the woman and her two young daughters, and prayed for the husband and father with such earnestness of supplication that it seemed to them that God must and would hear and answer her prayers. And even while she prayed, led home by a Providence that was in this work and governing its issues, the man stood at the very door of the room in which the petition went up and heard every one of its carefully-chosen and reverently-uttered sentences. Did he enter the room, all broken down? No; he went quietly away, giving no sign, but with an arrow of conviction in his heart. God had found a way of entrance, and was uncovering old memories and quickening old states, and calling to him from away down among the innocent things of his childhood. And he was hearkening, and repenting, and desiring a truer and better life than the one he had been leading. It was not long before the change came; for the good will is never long in finding the good way. In the work of destroying the souls and bodies of men there was one less; and in the work of service and restoration one more. Nay, might I not say many more—for the duplication and increase of every man's good or evil work is often very great."

"And is there much of this kind of work going on?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "and it is being gradually shaped into a system. Mistakes are being corrected; and the blind enthusiasm of too impetuous and strong-willed leaders repressed. The quiet intrusion that takes the enemy off guard is surer of victory than the open attack for which the blast of a trumpet has given warning to be ready. A besieged city that is proof against assault, may be reduced to capitulation through the cutting off of supplies. All this is being seen and understood. If neither by direct effort with a saloon-keeper, nor indirectly through his family, he can be induced to give up his hurtful business, then a thorough work of temperance reform will be inaugurated in his neighborhood, and the profits of his business be reduced, and if possible destroyed, through the loss of custom."

"Temperance men and temperance organizations



have been trying to do this very thing for over fifty years," I replied, "and the sale of liquor has increased instead of diminishing. So long as you have the saloons you will have the customers. My faith in this thorough work of temperance reform of which you speak is not, I am free to say, very great. I well remember the rise and progress of that first great tidal wave of reform, known as Washingtonianism, which went sweeping over the land. Hundreds of thousands took the pledge in a brief period, and we looked for a great percentage of diminution in the traffic, if not its destruction altogether. But taverns and bar-rooms went on flourishing as of old. As that great wave began to subside, another and a feeblener wave, that of Jeffersonianism, succeeded, and broke upon the rock-bound shores of license, and usage, and appetite, with scarcely a manifest impression. Then the work of a more general organization began, and the order of the Sons of Temperance was established, and set itself to the task of resistance. The promise was very great. It looked as if we were going to have in every town and neighborhood, and in every city ward, a working force of temperance men, whose leading end and effort would be the extirpation of intemperance from their midst. But it was not so. Good work was done in many places; and thousands were protected and saved through pledges and associations; but the lodge meetings fostered a love of social ease and enjoyment, and steadily diminished the aggressive force of the organization. Then the Good Templars came to the front, and associated women in the work and administration of the order. But the same general causes which had wrought their enervating effects on the Sons of Temperance, were in operation with the Templars and kindred organizations as well. Love of office and of power and influence crept in, as they usually do where there are titles and honors and distinctions, and were of more account with many than the high purpose of the order itself. And so the work of temperance languished, and the enemy went on increasing in strength and confidence. What better promise now? What is to make this movement any more permanent than those which have gone before it? Human nature is the same. Enthusiasm will die of exhaustion, and the weariness in well-doing which is sure to come sooner or later make idle the hands that are now so busy. This reform work is so slow. We scarcely perceive its progress, and are often in doubt whether the movement be retrograde or onward. I must own to having more faith in legal than in moral suasion; in Maine Laws than in pledges."

"You forget the new element," said Granger.

"What?"

"Prayer."

"Yes, I had forgotten."

"This is a religious as well as a temperance movement."

"True."

"And the effort is not merely to save men and women from the sin of drunkenness, but from all other sins. It is on a higher plane, and nearer the true

sources of power. There is less of self in it, and more of God."

Granger spoke with great seriousness; and I saw that he had strong faith in the results of this new effort to organize a force that should have larger success than any which had hitherto set itself to do battle with intemperance.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

THE work of "Gospel Temperance," as some began to call this latest effort to weaken and destroy the monster evil which had so long cursed the land, had a steady growth. Pious women in all the churches began to take part in it, and to strengthen its effective agencies. Prayer was incessant, and trusted in with implicit confidence. There was a literal acceptance of the promise, "That if two of you shall agree upon earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in Heaven." They believed in the faith that removes mountains; and in the Word of Him who said, "Ask and ye shall receive; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you." And when they met in His name, they had an assurance that He was in the midst of them. They were consecrating themselves to the work of saving souls that were well-nigh lost. Souls so far out of the reach of common gospel influences, that even the churches had practically ceased to regard them as within the pale of salvation, and knew that God's power to save could be given them in the largest measure; for were not these souls, so fearfully imperilled, as precious to Him as the souls of any in His whole universe?

Never had the poor, degraded, suffering drunkard met, since his sad debasement, with such influences as came to him now. "My brother" fell on his ears in a voice so tender and compassionate, that feelings which had lain dormant for years stirred in his heart once more. A hand was laid on him so gently and kindly, that it seemed like the hand of a sister, or a wife, or a mother, felt in the long ago. And when prayer was offered for him, and he felt himself borne up to the throne of grace on the sweet, and tender, and pleading voices of gentle women, he broke all down, and under the suddenly kindled hope of being rescued from his sin and misery, he lifted his poor broken spirit to God and prayed for help, and mercy, and forgiveness.

Differ as we may about the philosophy of prayer, and the true sources of its power, of one thing we may be sure, that the ear of God is open to the cry of every sin-sick soul, if it is made in sincerity and in truth. As to the answer, that will depend on the measure of the willingness to receive. The love and the bountifulness are infinite. The cry of the lips will bring nothing; the cry of the heart everything it is capable of receiving; and its capacity will always be equal to the displacement of evil in the life, because such evil is contrary to God's will and Word, and obstructs His influent love. The growth in grace, from the first moment the soul turns to God in prayer, and

makes its first sincere effort to lead a new spiritual life, will be in an exact ratio to its resistance and conquest of evil on the plane of its natural life in the world and among men.

Prayer in the hands of these women wrought marvels. Men who had been drunkards for years, stopped suddenly, professed faith in Christ, joined the church and became once more good and useful citizens. So quietly was all this done in the second stage of this Gospel temperance work, that the general public heard little about it and knew less. But the seed was being sown broadcast; and in due time the promise of an ampler harvest than had yet been seen was apparent on every side. Many men who had become reformed through the ministry of prayer, threw themselves into the work of rescuing the fallen; going from town to town, and by their eloquent appeals stirring the hearts of the people and arousing them to a sense of their duty and their danger.

And now, one after another, the slumbering churches began to awake and to recognize the hand of God in this work; and to give it countenance and approval, if not the practical support it yet so largely needed. But the work itself went on chiefly outside of the churches, though in the hands of the most active and earnest Christian men and women connected with the churches; for it was nearer to humanity than to sectarian conservatism and drew to its aid those who had in them the larger measure of that Christianity which stoops as Christ stoops to the lowest and the vilest, if in so doing He may save them.

"I do not understand this strange indifference of the churches," said I, to Granger, one day. "In temperance work they are doing little or nothing; and they might be doing so much."

"There are signs of better things," he replied. "Let us be patient for awhile. The time is not far off, I trust, when every society that calls itself a church, will have its special praying and working band of women, and an open door for the lowest and the vilest to come in; when the heathen who are perishing in the very shadow of its porches will take precedence of the heathen afar off. We have cheering intelligence from all sides. Almost every day we hear of new workers coming into the field, and of successes everywhere. In some places from one-third to two-thirds of the whole population have signed the pledge, to the joy of good citizens and the consternation of liquor dealers."

"If we could have anything like that in our poor rum-cursed city!" I replied. "But hope is vain. In smaller communities, where each is known to all, and a chain of interest and personal influence holds the people in nearer contact, a common sentiment or impulse may bear them in a single direction. But it is not so here. Set any force you please in motion, and its impression can only be partial."

"We hope for a widely different result," Granger made answer. "Next week a man whose power with the people is almost a marvel and a mystery, will come from the West to our city; and then an effort will be made through daily and nightly religious

meetings to get up such a temperance revival as has never been seen or heard of in the land."

I smiled at his ardor. He had become almost an enthusiast on the subject of temperance.

"We shall see," was my doubting response.

And we did see. The man came—this new apostle of temperance. He was not learned, but had largely the gift of persuasion; was not so eloquent as ready of speech; not so logical as impassioned; moved his audiences not so much by the clearness of a well-considered argument as by the force of fact and incident. He was easy of manner and at home with the people; recognizing in the lowliest and most wretched a brother, and telling the poor drunkard, whose hand he held so tightly, that he knew all about the pit in which his feet were mired and all about the way of deliverance. "As God saved me, my brother, He will save you," was ever spoken with that sympathy and assurance which gives speech a passage to the heart. From the very commencement of his work, Francis Murphy exercised an influence that to some appeared half-miraculous. The halls in which his meetings in our city were held, were crowded night after night to overflowing, hundreds being unable to gain access. In the conduct of these meetings, there were no particularly remarkable features. They were opened with the reading of Scripture and prayer, followed by singing. Then there would be addresses from clergymen and others, including Mr. Murphy; and speeches and experiences from reformed men—the whole interspersed with the singing of temperance and revival hymns. During the progress of the meetings, and at their close, invitations to come and sign the pledge were given and responded to, very many coming forward each night and taking the pledge of total abstinence; the number soon increasing from hundreds to thousands. Men would enter the hall so badly intoxicated that they could scarcely walk straight, and before leaving sign their names to a pledge, and in many cases keep it. It was not with poor, degraded wretches alone—the outcast and the abandoned—that these meetings had power. Men of standing and education, who were beginning to feel the strength of an appetite that too surely betrays to ruin; lawyers, merchants, physicians; the representatives of all conditions and classes—alike felt the warning or the persuasion that came to them, and alike took heed.

"Will it last?" was my question after the weeks had begun gathering into months.

"Does not my good friend live too close to Doubting Castle?" returned Granger, to whom I had addressed the inquiry. He was already deeply absorbed in the exciting movement.

"Perhaps. But we hear of things being too good to last, you know."

"Things may be too bad to last; but never too good. It is only the good that is really substantial," he returned, smiling.

"The good will last, of course. But how much is really genuine in all this, and how much factitious? Of the scores who nightly sign the pledge, and are pointed to God as the One who alone can give them

strength to keep it, how many do you think will stand?"

"God only knows," he replied, a little soberly, and with, I thought, a slight disturbance in his manner.

"A suddenly inspired good resolution; a cry to God for help; the impression of an inner change which may be nothing more than a feeling; the signing of a pledge—all the work of a minute, it may be; are these to be relied upon with any well-grounded assurance?" I said. "The man is here to-night in the sphere of an excitement that moves him deeply. He sees, as he has not seen for a long time, his sin and wretchedness; the pain and loss to himself, and the wrongs and sufferings of those who love him or are dependent on him. And he sees, too, a way of escape, and hands reached out with a promise of help. He signs the pledge, and tries to look up and pray. Hopeful words are spoken in his ears. He is pointed in a few words to Christ as his Saviour. And then he goes out alone, hungry it may be and homeless, to sleep in the street or station-house. What hope for him, with his exhausted nerves and gnawing thirst? He wants more than pledge or prayer; he wants good food, shelter and protection; and, until he can stand alone, a hand to hold him up; and if these are not given, it were about as well to let him alone."

As I spoke, I saw the shadows that were falling over Granger's face grow deeper.

"We have not forgotten this," he replied. "We have a relief committee, and are doing what we can. Every Sunday morning a breakfast is provided. Clothing, as far as we are able to procure it, is distributed, employment obtained, and all the protection in our power to throw about the men who are trying to reform. But the work is taking on dimensions so far beyond what we had anticipated, that we find ourselves without sufficient means for its thorough prosecution. We give our time, our efforts and our money; but we who are active in this movement are few compared with the thousands who stand looking on, wondering, approving, doubting or criticising. 'What is a Sunday morning breakfast?' said a gentleman only to-day. 'Can a man live on a single meal a week?' But when I asked him to give us money that we might minister more largely, his answer was that he knew where better to dispense his charity. Perhaps he did, and I shall not judge him. 'It isn't so much praying, as food and clothing and employment that are needed,' said another. 'If there were less talking and canting, and more good, solid doing for these poor wretches, the chances in their favor would be increased ten to one.' And yet I could not so interest him in their behalf as to get from him either personal or material aid."

There was an undertone of trouble in Granger's voice, which fell to a heavy sigh in the closing words of his last sentence.

"From four to five hundred destitute men seeking aid," he resumed, "and our resources utterly inadequate to the demands that are made upon us—hungry, half-clothed, and in too many cases, homeless men! We may arrest their feet by Gospel means; but if we

would turn their steps into the ways of sobriety and hold them there, we must meet and care for them on a lower plane. If we would lift them into spiritual safety, we must get the foundations of natural life secure. An empty stomach, and soiled and ragged and scanty clothing, with idleness superadded, are not, I agree with you, favorable to the growth of true piety. The struggle with this dreadful appetite is hard enough under the most favorable conditions; and, therefore, our work must be regarded as only initiated when, by force of these new spiritual influences, we have been able to draw the unhappy victims of intemperance over from the enemy's ground."

As we talked a man entered—I was sitting in Mr. Granger's office—and came forward in a hesitating, half-embarrassed manner. His clothing was poor and soiled, his person unsightly, and his face that of an exhausted inebriate. He stopped when a few steps from us, and said: "You do not know me."

We both recognized him by his voice. He had been a conveyancer, and a man with some property; but intemperate habits had done for him what they too surely accomplish for nearly all who indulge them.

"Yes, I know you, Hartley," Granger answered, quickly, rising as he spoke and grasping the man's hand. He held it for some moments, looking intently into his face. "Didn't I see you at the meeting in Broad Street, last night?" he asked, while still holding his hand.

"Yes, I was there."

"And you signed the pledge?"

"Yes, sir. After I heard you speak, I said, If God can save Granger, He can save me, and I'm going to try this new way."

"God can and will save you, my friend," was Granger's warm response. "Sit down and let us talk about it."

He drew Hartley into a chair, and sat down in front of him.

"Now tell me all about yourself." There was a genuine interest in his voice; and its effect on this poor wreck of a man, was to send a glow to his face, and cause his dull eyes to kindle. "How is it with you; and what the chances are for getting on your feet again. Tell me all about it. You signed the pledge last night?"

"Yes, I signed at the meeting in Broad Street. And you were standing just in front of me, and looking at me; and I heard you say, 'Trust in God, my brother. Look to Him, and pray to Him, and He will give you strength to keep this pledge.' You said it to me; but I saw that you didn't know me. I wanted to speak to you, and to tell you who I was; and I was pressing forward when some one drew you away, and then I couldn't get near you again. I waited at the door until you came out; but you were talking with a gentleman, and while I hesitated about interrupting you, you passed down the street and I was left standing alone."

"Where did you go after that?" asked Granger.

"I had no where to go. In this whole city, there

was no place that I could call my home—no house in which I could claim the right to lay my head. My wife died three years ago; and my only child is with my mother, who lives in a neighboring town. I am alone and friendless."

"No; not friendless," said Granger, his voice struggling with his feelings. "There is One who sticketh closer than a brother. He is your friend."

The poor man looked down at his wretched garments in a way that it was not hard to understand. His face did not brighten perceptibly under this last assurance.

"Where did you sleep last night?" I inquired.

"I would have gone to one of the police-stations, but was afraid of being sent to the House of Correction. You see I had taken the pledge, and in a new way, and I was going to try to keep it, if God would indeed help me, as it kept coming to me that He would. So I walked out to Fairmount, and as the night was dark, I found it easy to hide away in a place where the police wouldn't find me, and there I slept till morning. I got some breakfast, and have been trying ever since to find something to do. But it's no use. I'm not a fit object to be in anybody's place of business."

And again he cast down a dreary look at his unsightly clothing.

"Of course you are not," said Mr. Granger. "I'm sorry you didn't speak to me last night. And now, if you are in real earnest, Mr. Hartley, we'll see if something can't be done for you."

"God knows that I'm in earnest, sir!" he said, with a sudden trembling eagerness. "I lay awake so long last night, thinking over my whole life, and many times asking God to help me to live a better one in future. But I'm down so low that it seems as if there was no way for me to get up all by myself. I'm like a man in the sea who will drown unless somebody throws him a rope."

"You shall have the rope," Granger spoke in no uncertain voice.

It was plain from Hartley's exhausted and nervous state, that he was in no condition to enter at once upon any employment. He wanted rest, quiet and protection; with healthy mental surroundings, and a sufficient quantity of nutritious food. We knew of but one place in the city where these could be secured; and there we took him.

Two weeks in the Franklin Home, and you would not have known the man. Even before the lapse of that time he had found employment in the office of a conveyancer who had been with him as a boy, and who now felt a deep interest in the welfare of his old preceptor.

"I have had one of the sweetest passages of my life," said Granger, whom I met a few weeks afterwards. "I was in Chester day before yesterday, where I went to make an address at one of the meetings now being held in that town. In the audience, and sitting close to the platform, I noticed an old lady, and a young girl about sixteen years of age, both plainly dressed, but with something in their faces that caused

my eyes to turn towards them frequently. There was a look of subdued and patient trouble in the face of the elder; and a grave quiet in that of the younger. While I spoke their eyes did not seem to be off of me for a moment. During my address I mentioned Hartley's case, referring to him with some particularity. As I progressed, I noticed that the old lady began to lean forward with an air of deep interest, if not eager expectancy; and I fancied that the girl by her side was turning pale. All at once it flashed on me that these might be the mother and daughter of the man whose rescue I was describing, and the impression was so strong that I held back the name of Hartley as it was coming to my lips, and closed my relation of the case with the words: 'Another soul saved through the power of that Divine strength which is freely given to all who will receive it.'

"At the close of the meeting I saw that the two women were lingering in their seats while the audience slowly retired; and that their eyes were turned towards the platform where I remained talking with some members of the committee which had the meetings in charge. They were almost alone when I came down and commenced moving along the aisle. 'May I speak a word with you?' said the elder of the two ladies, laying her hand at the same time on my arm. I saw a quiver in her face. 'What is the name?' I asked. 'Mrs. Hartley,' she replied, softly, and as if half afraid to utter her own name. Then I knew it all, and my heart gave a sudden bound of gladness. Dear old mother! I felt like putting my arms about her and crying out: 'This thy son that was dead is alive again!' But I kept a guard on my lips, not knowing how the good news, if broken too suddenly, might affect her; and taking her hand, said: 'I am glad to meet you, Mrs. Hartley.' 'I would like to ask you a question, sir,' she said, beginning now to show considerable agitation. 'First,' I replied, 'let me ask you one. Have you a son named Lloyd Hartley?'

"Her startled face became white as ashes; and she caught hold of me with a tight grasp of the hand. 'Thank God for his deliverance!' I said, softly. Her slender form sunk down upon the seat by which she was standing, and her head drooped over her breast. She was very still; and I knew that her heart was lifting itself in thankfulness to God. 'In the strength of Him who conquered death and hell, your son shall stand now as a rock,' said I, bending to her ear. 'He is trusting no more in his own weakness, but in the power of the Infinite and the Almighty. I know what that dependence means; and because of this knowledge I have hope for your son.' 'Blessed be the name of the Lord!' came in a low, tender out-breathing of gladness from her lips. Her head was still bowed and her face hidden. Then, as she reached up one of her hands, she whispered: 'Darling! where are you?' and in a moment after her arm was about the neck of her granddaughter; and the two clung together, weeping silently. And all was so quiet and unobtrusive, that the people passed out scarcely noticing anything unusual until we were left almost alone.



"I have been praying for him night and day ever since the temperance revival began," said the happy mother, as I sat with her that evening in her home, replying to her questions, and giving her all the assurances in my power. "And God has answered my prayers. And when He saves, it is no half work, but a true salvation. I have no hope in anything else. My son has taken pledge after pledge; has made and tried to keep good resolutions over and over again; but only to fall, and each time to a lower and a lower depth. If he had put his trust in God, if he had prayed for grace and strength, and entered, as you tell me he is now doing, upon a Christian life, it would have been far different. It is the Christian life that saves; and it saves from drunkenness as well as from every other sin; for all sin must be removed before there can be a dwelling-place for Christ in the soul."

"I have felt happier and stronger ever since," Granger continued. "It was really touching to see this mother's confidence. She had been praying and weeping before God night and day for weeks—pleading for this son that he might be turned from the evil of his ways. She did not even know where he was; but she knew that her Lord and Master knew. And now, when, as she believed, her prayers had been answered in his conversion, she rejoiced and was confident. The Everlasting Arms were about him, and he would dwell secure."

"Happy faith!" I made answer. "May its foundations never be removed."

"I think they never will," Granger said. "If her prayers did not avail just in the order of her belief, they still availed, and her son has been brought within the fold; and there is, in the spirit he manifests, something that gives me confidence in his stability."

"Have you told Hartley about this meeting with his mother and daughter?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. And they have been up to the city to see him."

"A happy re-union."

"You would have said so if you had seen them together. Dear old lady! The love, and tenderness, and joy-subdued that were in her face as she sat and looked at her son, to whom much of the old true manliness of expression and bearing has already commenced coming back, was beautiful and touching to witness. It will not be a long time, I think, before there will be one home for them all, and that a happy one."

And it was not long.

(To be continued.)

It cannot be too often repeated that luxuries, not necessities, bring ruin. We are ruined, not by what we really want, but by what we think we do; therefore never go abroad in search of your wants—if they be real wants, they will come home in search of you—for he who buys what he does not want, will soon want what he cannot buy.

## THE FRUITS OF CENTRAL ASIA.

GARDENS, says Mr. Schuyler in his book on Turkestan, constitute the beauty of all this land. The long rows of poplar and elm trees, the vineyards, the dark foliage of the pomegranate over the walls, transport one at once to the plains of Lombardy or of Southern France. In the early spring the outskirts of the city, and indeed the whole valley, are one mass of white and pink with the bloom of almond and peach, of cherry and apple, of apricot and plum, which perfume the air for miles around. These gardens are the favorite dwelling-places in summer—and well they may be. Nowhere are fruits more abundant, and of some varieties it can be said that nowhere are they better. The apricots and nectarines I think it would be impossible to surpass anywhere. These ripen in June, and from that time until winter fruit and melons are never lacking. Peaches, though smaller in size, are better in flavor than the best in England, but they are far surpassed by those of Delaware. The big blue plums of Bokhara are celebrated through the whole of Asia. The cherries are mostly small and sour. The best apples come either from Khiva or from Susak, to the north of Turkestan; but the small white pears of Tashkent are excellent in their way. The quince, as with us, is cultivated only for jams or marmalades, or for flavoring soup. Besides water-melons, there are in common cultivation ten varieties of early melons and six varieties which ripen later, any of which would be a good addition to our gardens. In that hot climate they are considered particularly wholesome, and form one of the principal articles of food during summer. When a man is warm and thirsty, he thinks nothing of sitting down and finishing a couple of them. An acre of land, if properly prepared, would produce in ordinary years from two to three thousand, and in very good years twice as many. Of grapes I noticed thirteen varieties, and most of them remarkably good.

LAST-NEW-NOVEL READERS.—At a popular library, a gentleman lately got a copy of the latest novel of an eminent novelist. It was the novel which then all the world was either reading or saying it had read. The gentleman in question was greatly vexed when he got home to find that the volume was wrongly bound, so that its pages were mixed up in inextricable confusion. After patiently trying to make the best he could of it for that night, he hurried back to the library the next day and complained of the state in which he had received the volume. The librarian was at first indignant and incredulous, but there was no getting over the evidence of the ill-assorted pages. Convinced at last, the librarian solemnly assured the gentleman that that very copy had been lent to dozens of readers—had been in constant reading since it came into the library—and that no one had ever before made any complaints of its imperfections!

OLD MARTIN BOSCAWEN'S JEST.\*

BY MARIAN C. L. REEVES,

*Author of "Wearithorne,"*

AND EMILY READ,

*Author of "Aytoun," etc.*

CHAPTER XVIII.

Soft thro' the forest the breeze is stirring,  
And waketh the flutter of nesting birds;  
Far o'er the hay-field the laverock whirling;  
Deep in the hollow, lowing the herds.

Darkless the wood: yet how bright the shining  
Glints thro' the oaks on the farmhouse vane,  
Steals thro' the boughs of the woodbine twining  
Aloft on yon white-curtained window-pane.

Is it hers? I would fain be the sunbeam yonder,  
Outleaping below from the flowery gloom,  
Stealing with glow ever warmer and fonder  
To the Innermost of that shadowy room:

And noiseless and light to the couch a-creeeping,  
Where innocent-calmly the maiden lies,  
Would steal right warm to her heart in sleeping,  
With dreamings of Love's own paradise.

NINORCH comes round the corner of the old chateau, quite close to him before he sees her. He is standing just outside the court-yard, in the spot where they first met; but he is not looking round him with a stranger's careless survey now. He has been looking, indeed, but with a strange fixity of gaze, up at one particular window among the many huddled peaks and turrets, which catches the glint of the early sunlight. After that long gaze, he has drawn his hat down suddenly over his brows, and resting his folded arms on the top of the wall where Ninorch's hand had rested with the broken water-jar, he has been standing there ever since, without moving, in that bowed-down, utterly dependent attitude.

When Ninorch comes round the angle of the house, and sees him there. Her footfall is lighter than the rustle of a broken furze-bough which the wind just now is trailing over the pavement: but something—perhaps her eyes upon him in that startled way—makes him look up.

"Messire Austell—"

She speaks his name, because when he does look up, he gives no movement of recognition, no word, but stands with eyes riveted upon her: eyes full of a strange, passionate pain, while his face grows set almost with the rigidity of death.

"Messire Austell!"

The second time she speaks, in that low, frightened voice, he rouses himself with a start, almost as if she broke some spell which had been holding him bound. He puts out his hand to her across the wall, and smiles at her, though such a forced and ghastly smile, that the girl's heart fails her, and she cries out,

standing still where she is, and forgetting any response to his English fashion of hand-shaking: "What has happened? Something dreadful—"

"Is it dreadful that I have come back from my excursion to Carnac a little sooner than the time I fixed on?" answers Austell, with a short laugh as empty of merriment as his smile. He lays the hand Ninorch has overlooked, upon the wall, and swings himself over. He indemnifies himself then for loss of time, by taking both her hands in a grasp that for an instant tightens even painfully upon them. It may have been a flush of pain that rises to Ninorch's brow; she has grown scarlet, and is mechanically making a movement as if to lead the way in-doors. When he detains her. "Not yet. Mother Mari won't care to see me at once; and I want you to myself a moment longer."

"Mother Mari is not at home, after all—I forgot," says Ninorch, obediently perching herself upon the wall which is conveniently low on the court-yard side. She unfastens her distaff from the bead chain to which it has hung idly, and begins to whirl it, as if spinning were the day's necessity.

Austell has taken his place beside her on the wall; he has slouched his hat again low on his brows, and under cover of it—leaning forward with his elbows on his knees, his chin in his two hands—he is looking furtively into her face. A long, strange gaze, such as he gave her on their meeting just now. Glancing up once, she surprises it, and drops her eyes hurriedly upon a tangle in her thread, beginning a somewhat incoherent explanation of the reason why she is alone.

"Mother Mari and Anaik both have gone to the procession, and I promised to keep the house whilst they were away."

"The procession?" Austell rouses himself to the question, by way of response to her attempt at conversation; though certainly he gives the faintest show of interest.

"Yes, certainly, the procession. Did you not know? But is it possible you Saxons do not keep the Pardon of Ste. Anne-la-Palue?"

"I—yes—I do not know," says Austell, in a tone which might explain that what he does not know, is just what he is saying.

"Ah, perhaps they do, and you only forget this is the last Sunday in August? It is early yet, Messire Austell; there is still time for us to see the procession. Suppose we go?"

Austell hesitates. After all, will he not have the girl quite as much to himself in a crowd such as he knows attends these Pardons, as in the solitude of the farmhouse? Nay, more; for he begins to perceive in her an unwonted restless embarrassment, that he is very sure will not leave her long here with him. So he answers with some effort at alacrity: "By all means, let us go. You do not mind leaving the house, then?"

"No. Only I did not care to go this morning."

"And you do now?" This time without effort, and certainly with alacrity.

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She blushes, but she answers coolly: "Oh, I could not have been all the while with the grandmother, for she is to be in the procession; and Anaik—well, Anaik does not want me, certainly; she will be going with Jan Trégunc."

"And you will be going with me."

The girl's very brow is scarlet when he draws this parallel; and he is flushed and eager, too, turning more fully toward her. But presently with a hard breath he turns quite away, lifting his hat, and fronting the morning breeze, which fails to bring a tinge of blood into his face. And, averted thus, he says to her abruptly: "Do you know what I was doing when you came up just now?"

"I? No; how could I?"

"I was taking farewell of you."

She starts, and drops her eyes upon the ground. A smile seems hovering about her mouth. An odd way to receive such an announcement. But perhaps, confident in her power, she does not believe him in earnest.

She could not doubt his earnest, were she but looking at him. He is going on: "I was looking up at your window, at watch, as I believed, while you slept. I said farewell to you then. But now—Ninorch, I ought, perhaps, to go away. But I cannot."

"You ought to go away?"

She repeats it slowly. Her color does not vary, nor that suggestion of a smile die out from her lips. He sees it as he glances at her, and he grows flushed and angry. But as he watches, her beauty prevails over his wrath at her coldness, and he says with attempted carelessness: "We will not always do the things we ought, you know, Ninorch. And I mean to stay the day out now, since I am here. Come, we will go together to the *fête*, will we not? Let us eat and drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die," he says, with a forced laugh.

The girl turns quickly from him, murmuring something about making ready to go. Austell will wait for her here; and he has fallen into another bitter train of thought, if one may judge from his face when Ninorch comes back.

The day is bright enough to be merry in, as they stroll on; the whole country is smiling and sunny. A late season keeps some of the corn-fields still golden for the harvest, while the reaping-hook has left a brown patch in their midst, and here and there the coral stalks and snowy bloom of the buckwheat waver in the breeze, with a long, slow-rippling blending into one, of pink and white. Down there, among the apple-trees flecked with red through the green boughs, a comfortable farm-house hides its queer old weather-beaten face, cross-wrinkled and many-lined, with overhanging pent-house brows, and perhaps a still more ancient ruined tower at its back. Or on a sheltered slope, amidst its little field of cabbages standing up five or six feet high around it, with a broad leaf at every joint, a peasant's cottage nestles under its fig-tree or its vine that gives soft touches to the walls of uncut stone mortared with mud, and

sometimes with only unglazed spaces for windows, while quaint carvings ornament the lintel. An upland stretch of yellow gorse, or purple heather, with a gray rock cropping out, or a noisy brook leaping along to turn a valley-mill, appears to brush against the calm blue waters of the bay, or breaks sheer down to give a glimpse of rocky shore and sandy grève, and, far across the bay, of the dim circling sweep of Crozon promontory. On the other hand, a spur of Brittany's Black Mountains rises desolate and bare, with only an occasional fir astray among the gorse and heather, where the sheep and goats are feeding.

There are times when over the whole wide reach nothing is seen living or moving, except these, and the merle that whistles from the hedge, or the sea-bird rising on slow-sweeping wings from the blue waters yonder, to the upper sea laving the shores of Paradise—the way to which, from Brittany, is known to certain birds, as well as to the bees, that still remember the earthly Paradise. But to-day all the deep lanes are alive, all the pathless commons are gay with knots of peasants hurrying to the Pardon. They are afoot, plodding along, the men whirling the stout pen bas with a sleight of hand that makes light of its weight; or on the active little horses of the district, some of the women mounted on pillions behind the men's enormous peaked saddles of leather and brass, or astride on a sack of straw; while a pretty "penneres," or marria geable heiress, rides à la planchette, bending graciously to chat with an admirer trudging by her side.

Nearing the chapel and well are long rows of tented booths, plentifully supplied with refreshments of one sort, while another is in request by the group assembling round that blind beggar, who, with white hair floating over his shoulders, stands and half-sings, half-chants, some one of the ten thousand native ballads. Still other groups are gathering to the shrill summons of the bag-pipe, the national binou; and Austell and Ninorch have paused to watch the dancers.

It is a pretty sight; looked down upon from the bank where the two have paused, the whole changing scene is like the shifting bits of color in a kaleidoscope. The movements of the groups scattered about the sandy down, which thus has bloomed out on a sudden in tints manifold; the stream of new arrivals down over the tree-fringed slopes, or up from the boats dotting the bay; the lounging twos or threes in every spot of shade, about the booths, in the shelter of the frequent blue and red umbrellas, under a hedge-row or a tree, or the church wall; the kneeling devotees about the well below, where from the arch of her roof-canopy Sainte Anne looks upon the blessed water—all make up an animated picture which illustrates not this commune alone, but much of Lower Brittany here gathered in honor of its patron saint. The grave peasant from Léon is there, wearing, as has been said, black for life, and blue, the color of the skies, for death. The Celt of Celts from Morbihan is there; and the gayer Trégorrois, and the Kernéwote of the mountains, of the valleys,

of the rugged coasts, as varied in physique, in character, in dress, as those mountains, vales, and coasts of his own Cornouaille. But everywhere to-day there are brightness and color, good humor and good cheer; and Austell has watched the bustling scene for some few moments before he perceives that Ninorch has quietly lost herself amidst the crowd.

She is not in the dance, though Austell sends a searching glance for her along the line swaying in time to the binion, as one by one, sometimes several women together, sometimes several men, the dancers link themselves by their little fingers—presently closing in a circle, quickening into a grand rond, and then breaking off in a sort of thread-the-needle movement, where liveliness and merriment take the place of slow grace of motion. Ninorch is not there; and though there are other pretty faces, and light gliding figures set off in gay costumes, and though one or two give him a smiling invitation by beck or nod, Austell does not care to linger.

He has turned away in very impatient and uninterested mood; when in spite of himself his attention is caught by a scene which the round shoulder of the slope has hidden from him.

A crowd of peasants, standing compactly together with gaze all bent one way, directs his own to what he presently makes out to be a rude stage, elevated upon about a dozen carts placed in a close square. The back of this is partitioned off by a white screen hung with evergreens and flowers, and two or three prints by way of ornament: conspicuous among these, some highly-colored scene out of the life of La Tour d'Auvergne, that Cornouaillais hero, the record of whose deeds is to be found in the pack of almost every travelling print-seller in Brittany. The use of the partitioned space as a sort of green-room becomes evident as the actors emerge from it, in full theatrical costume, the oddity of which takes Austell completely by surprise, in spite of such preparation as the appearance of the stage might have given him. There is Saint Guenolé, that leading actor with gilt paper aureole, who recites the prologue, and between every four verses, at the sound of the binion, marches round the stage, followed by all the other actors—for the apparent purpose of giving the whole audience the fullest view of King Gradlon's formidable armor of silver paper, and the tinsel robes of the wicked Princess Dahut, who is ably represented by a stalwart youth with chestnut locks falling over his shoulders. The same ceremony is repeated at the end of the first act: more than this, Austell does not stay to hear, or rather to see; for as the play is one of those ancient Breton tragedies, composed by a poet of the people for the people, he can only look on as uncomprehendingly as if at a dumb show, where the quieter and more self-contained gestures of the Bretons speak less clearly than would French pantomime.

He is turning away with balked curiosity, unable to follow the Breton farther than an occasional phrase or two, when he catches sight of Ninorch at some distance from the listening throng. And as she stands quietly talking to Père Cosquer and the grand-

mother, he finds it in his heart to forgive her desertion, and follows her.

But she puts aside his proposal that she should return to the play, and see the end. The end, she assures him, is often not reached until the close of the second or third day, the spectators going home in the meantime, and finding their interest strong enough to draw them back upon the morrow. But Ninorch is sure *messire's* interest will be satisfied with a synopsis of the Saint's adventures, on which no doubt the drama is founded. There could be no better place to represent them; for down there under the waters of yonder bay, lies the engulfed city where Saint Guenolé came to warn King Gradlon of its approaching destruction, which the wicked Princess Dahut brought about.

"Engulfed city? Princess Dahut?" repeats Austell, rather absently. "Who was your Princess Dahut? I never heard her name before to-day."

"Nor of King Gradlon her father, nor how he ruled in the splendid city of Is? So splendid it was, that when the great French city was built, they could think of no grander name for it than just Par-Is, the equal of Is."

"And the city sank? Ah, yes, we are used to that sort of thing in Cornwall. Only, we take the waves of the sand sometimes, by way of variety of burial. What very wicked people we insular Bretons, and you others of Armorica here, must have been, by the way, to sink whole cities underneath the load of our iniquities."

"I do not answer for you of England," says the girl. "But Is was sunk because the Princess Dahut, jealous of her father's power, stole the golden key of the sluices which the good king used to open himself once a year. And so she let the flood in, and the whole city was afloat. And the king, her father, took her behind him on his horse, and was escaping, when suddenly the sea gained on him, and in the darkness and the storm he heard an awful voice—the voice of Saint Guenolé—who bade him cast the demon from behind him, if he would be saved. And so King Gradlon tore her hands apart, and Dahut fell shrieking into the maw of the great hungry waves."

"And the loving father reached land?"

"Does love ever deter one from forsaking the guilty?"

Austell is about to answer, when a shade passes over his face. He says, after a pause, not looking at her: "You do not put unbounded faith in love."

"For sunny days, not dark," she answers, carelessly.

"It is well the grand finis of the tragedy will not come off to-day," he says, turning the subject rather abruptly. "One would willingly get beyond reach of those hungry waves you tell of, before they rise up to swallow yonder princess, who—can you see her from your seat there, Ninorch?—is brandishing her arms just now as if they were rather used to wielding the pen *bas*, and would do battle even with the waves."



"But messire does not really think," looking up with a naïve simplicity, at which Austell smiles, "that they will leave Dahut to the waves? It is not often that we have a play; but I saw the Flight from Egypt once, and it was from behind the screen that one heard the cries of the drowning Egyptians, while Moses and Miriam stood on the stage as you see it there, and sang their triumphant song of the horse and his rider fallen in the midst of the sea. You know it is necessary to have a little imagination—"

"Or Ninorch as interpreter."

He soon finds he is not to keep her long, however, even in that capacity. Half because there are persons whom Mother Mari would take her to exchange greetings with; and half, as Austell suspects, of the girl's own will, he loses sight of her for much of the time. Père Cosquer is joined by the young kloïrek Yvon, whom Austell now sees for the first time to-day, and the two withdraw together, into the church or apart from the jollity somewhere. Left to himself, Austell is more than beginning to wax impatient of the whole affair. When suddenly there is a stir and a dispersal and thinning out of the groups; and when he looks round for Ninorch, he finds her standing alone on the rising ground behind the well.

"They are forming for the grand procession," she says to him as he comes up. "You cannot do better than wait to see it from here."

There is a reinforcement to the numbers lately arrived from a more distant village; the sacred banner carried at its head, droops as it meets that of its neighbor, and the two flutter together for the kiss of peace, in token that the rival saints are friends, and not jealous of each other's precedence, as used sometimes to be the case, even to the provoking of their bearers to blows. Now the whole procession, forming into line, sweeps slowly over the slope of the down. First the priests, with crosses and banners of their respective parishes; the white-robed girls, in threes and twos, carrying more banners, and a statue of the Virgin; then the banner of Saint Anne, and behind that, her statue. The bearers of these are all aglitter in the slanting evening sunset, in gowns of cherry banded with gold, in silver and gold lace scarfs and aprons, and lace caps looped up above the *serre tête* of gold or silver tissue. Conspicuous among them walks Mère Cosquer, with that aspect of calm devotion which fits so well the grave and noble features, and somehow has set Austell thinking of the days when princes and nobles contended for the honor of bearing these church treasures. The whole scene has a mediæval air about it, shaken out from the faded velvet or embroidered silken folds of the old banners; even the holiday peasant-costumes are, as it were, the cast-off fripperies and fashions of that age. The contrasts, too, seem to belong to the middle age; the lines of bare-foot penitents following, *en chemise* to the waist, and the shaggy beggars mingled with the mass of fête-day peasants bringing up the rear.

Austell watches the procession until it is descending to the church; and then he says abruptly to

Ninorch: "Why should we wait here? The fishing-boats are idle to-day, it seems; why should we not have one, and sail home instead of walking? Come, Ninorch, I've had enough of this; and so, I fancy, have you."

He turns off, as if her coming were quite a matter of course; and after an instant's hesitation she follows him.

As he says, the fishing-boats are idle; the only difficulty is to find any one from whom to hire. But Austell does not trouble himself much about that; he seats Ninorch in the stern, and pushing off from the beach, springs in as the boat slides out over the water just rippling under the breeze.

For some time there is silence; Austell at first occupies himself with the adjusting of the heavy red sail, and then he takes his seat, facing Ninorch. The girl is not looking at him, but back over her shoulder; at the receding shore, and the downs where booth and tent are just now deserted for the church; at the fishing-village of Douarnenez amidst hills wooded to the water's edge, with its great sardine-nets spread out in fête-day idleness to dry; and hard by, so that one might at low tide step across to it, the green Isle of Tristan, benevolently lifting its tall light-house over the bay, and wearing such an innocent air with its white clustered buildings, as if it had never been the stronghold and murderous prison-house of Fontenelle the Leaguer, whence the country round was harried. Ninorch points it out to Austell, and recounts how in those days the wolves came down from the mountains, and sauntered tamely in the hollow lanes and through the village streets, gorged on the bodies of the murdered peasants which the terrible Breton bandit would not even suffer to be buried. But, yes, there are wolves in the mountains even now; messire may in his rambles have seen now and then a paw nailed on some barn-door. And if messire would wish to attend a wolf-hunt—

"Ay, very beautiful," responds Austell, absently, in the pause; and she smiles, perceiving that he has not listened to a word she has been saying. But he is making an effort to rouse himself, and risks a remark or two about various points on the circling sweep of the bay-shore, of which he fancies she has been speaking. The gray northern coast-line of Crozon, curving down as if meaning to make the bay a lake, if only the shore on the Douarnenez side would keep of the same mind, and not swerve aside, after a little, to stretch out far beyond its opposite neighbor, thrusting its Pointe Du Raz straight into the Atlantic—

"Over yonder," Ninorch interrupts, "the boats used to push out from Crozon, for the midnight mass upon the water, when the priests who were not driven away to England had to be in hiding, and the Revolutionists had carried off the bells that called the parishes to prayer. The sea sounded their Angelus then, and the stars shone out for altar-lights, and the congregation put forth silently in boats and rafts, and gathered about that in which the priest stood up,

It was thus that the baptisms and the funeral services were held; and the grandmother was married thus. She has often told me of that bridal party walking in the dark from the fisherman's cottage at Pont Croix to the Douarnenez shore, whence they rowed over to meet the Crozon boats in the midst of the bay."

"The grandmother's has been a chequered life," observes Austell, rather more interested as the subject approaches Ninorch more nearly.

"How chequered, I do not think you know even now, Messire Austell. She does not often tell her story: there has been too much pain and loss in it, for her to recount it lightly."

"She has a grand, calm face," says Austell. "The face of one who could endure without an outcry."

"But is that best?" asks the girl, a sudden shade in the eyes turned from him. "Complaints are like the sighs and groans of illness; no doubt they ease the pain, though they take away sadly from the majesty of suffering. For she does wear a crown and walks royally, whether in palace or hovel."

"But how do you know, Ninorch?" rejoins the young man, lightly. "You have nothing to do with suffering; she is not of your acquaintance at all."

Ninorch has her answer forthcoming: "Might I not know through the grandmother? She has been of her acquaintance all her life long. Shall I tell you how?"

She does tell him; and though more in detail than it is necessary to repeat it, he grows interested in the story. It passes over the first, but at the time scarcely felt loss to the baby Mari, whom her mother's death sent from Kermartin to spend a merry childhood among her foster-mother's own children, under the Cosquer thatch at Pont Croix. Life with its real troubles commenced for the little maiden when in her twelfth or thirteenth year she went with her father on a visit to the dear Aunt Renée who was married near Vannes, that lowermost corner of Lower Brittany. There Mari's father became involved in the first revolt of the West against the Revolution, rising with that cry which struck the key-note of all future struggles of the Vendée and the Chouannerie: "My soul to God, my body to the king!" The father yielded both, on the first battle-ground, and lived only to speak his dying wish that his child should be sent back to the Cosquers, where he fancied she would be safer beneath a peasant-roof. But Aunt Renée, believing him mistaken, delayed from time to time, and kept the child with her. Not that she wished to separate her from the Cosquers; for they had been humble friends ever since the feudal days when they were on the Kermartin estate and followed their lord to crusade or battle against French or English, or joined with him Jeanne-o'-the-Torch's ranks, in the Breton struggle of the Montfort against Charles of Blois. Then, too, one of the Cosquer lads was in Aunt Renée's own service, having returned with her to Vannes, after her last visit to Kermartin. But she did, month by month almost, put off sending the little maid to Pont Croix: while two years crept

away, and in the spring of Ninety-three, the day fixed for conscription for the Republican army became the signal of insurrection against the Republic, in hundreds of Breton villages. Here, where the feudal system had long relaxed its pressure, kindness prevailed between peasant and lord; and as for the clergy, what bitterness could obtain towards them, sprung as they were so often from the lower ranks themselves, brothers in the flesh as well as fathers in God? So the Revolutionary spirit had no sway in Brittany, save in its few large towns, and peasant and noble stood shoulder to shoulder fighting against its rule. All the Cosquers were out then, from the old soldier grandfather and the fisherman father, down through the sons, only excepting the mere lad in Aunt Renée's service. Aunt Renée's son joined the Royalists that same year; and before it closed, came the fatal battle of Savenay, where so many thousands of the Vendéans fell, and the work of fusillading never ceased during eight days after the fighting, until the town-walls were painted in blood. The wretched mother wandering about in search of tidings of her son, was, with Mari and young Cosquer, who refused to save himself, dragged before that wretch Carrier, the proconsul-executioner at Nantes. The elder women perished in one of those noyades which have made the name of Carrier pre-eminent in infamy; where the crowded prisoners were nailed down in the holds of leaking vessels which were then sunk in the Loire. For the young héritière of Kermartin, and the faithful Cosquer, there was reserved a different fate: they were united in the bonds of Carrier's marriage républicain. That is, they were tied together, and flung into the Loire. But the young fisherman was an expert swimmer, and crafty as brave: he had contrived to corrupt one of the soldier-executioners, so that his bonds were loosely riveted; he slipped them off, and by swimming with his young mistress under water, coming up to breathe when screened by drowning bodies, he reached shore with her, and managed to make good their escape to Pont Croix, where they were married not very long after.

"And settled down in peace," Austell supposes.

But no, she tells him: not the young husband. For the war of the Chouannerie burst like a smouldering flame over Brittany, out of the ashes of La Vendée. Messire knows what the war of the Chouans was?—how they lurked in woodland hiding-places, gathering by night and flashing out upon their prey, signaling each other by the cry of the owl, the chat-huant, a corruption of which gave them their name. Mari's husband was among the Chouans, too, who joined Puisaye when the fatal expedition of the émigrés landed on the Breton coast, at Quiberon: and for the second time his swimming saved his life, when, hemmed in on that sandy peninsula of Quiberon, by the sea on the one hand, the Republican army on the other, the mass of the émigrés and Chouans were forced to surrender—only to be shot down by hundreds in the bloody executions of the Field of Martyrs, at Auray. Even there, the Chouan

fire was not so quenched in blood, as to leave no spark rekindling from time to time: and from the days of her careless childhood, until the beginning of this century, Mari Cosquer hardly knew what quiet was. And then, it was a quiet little loved in Brittany, until Napoleon's abdication and the Restoration gave one short year of perfect content. It was then, while the country was at peace under Louis XVIII., that John Boscaen came over, first to Normandy, then into Brittany. While he was lingering at Kermartin, that peaceful year passed, the emperor returned from Elba, and there was another Chouan rising for the fugitive Louis, joined by the Breton college at Vannes. Mari's son—he who is Père Cosquer now—was then a kloërek at Vannes, placed in the college through the Chevalier de Margadel, the kinsman under whom Aunt Renée's son had fought. So, of course, when the students rose and called on the chevalier to lead them into battle, the kloërek Cosquer was of their number. He was very young at the time; too young, thought his father, and hastening to bring him away, turned Chouan again himself, and was killed near Auray. "You went to Auray, messire, while you were at Carnac?" asks the girl, ending her long story. "You visited the Field of Martyrs there?"

"No," Austell tells her. "I pushed on to Carnac, and meant to take Auray on my homeward way—homeward to Kermartin, I mean. But that came to me at Carnac, which changed all my plans."

"That happened to you at Carnac?"—Ninorch repeats the same verb "arriver" which Austell has used, but not in the sense which he intended to convey. He has changed his intention now, however, so makes no reply. And Ninorch, after a pause of waiting, turns slightly from him. She is leaning over the boat's side, letting her slender brown hand trail through the water, looking down into the blue depths. But Austell is looking at her.

Presently she says, not moving: "If one gazes and gazes, one seems to catch strange glimpses of the engulfed city far below. These white-piled masses that shift under my hand, are they shadows of the clouds, or fragments of the marble towers of Is? And this glinting on the ripple, is it the sun that brightens towards its setting, or the reflection of that sea-gate wicked Dahut left open?"

Austell answers her, his eyes still fixed on her, as if holding fast some vision which yet must melt away: "It is an evening of magic; there can come none like it. Dream out your dream of palaces of delight; they cannot be more baseless than the castle in the air that I have built—nor fall more ruinously."

There is something in the tone of those last words at which she stirs, as if to look round at him. But she refrains; she keeps her pose of reverie, still leaning over the water. After a moment, as the boat glides on unheeded, she begins to sing softly, half to herself.

It is a Breton ballad she is giving by snatches, in her imperfect French, which sounds oddly enough

when coupled with the wild Breton rhythm, half chant, half song, that is like no music of a later day. Its strange cadences fit the old ballad well, as it tells of the white young girl who steals all softly, bare-foot, into the king's chamber, where the old father lies asleep upon his purple couch, his hair like snow upon his shoulders, his chain of gold that binds the golden key of the city gates about his neck.

"And still he sleeps, he sleeps, the king; when there arises a great cry: The floods are out! the town is drowning! Up, lord-king, to horse, away! the sea breaks down the dykes.—Accursed be the white young girl who opens to the sea the gates of Is."

"Forester, forester, tell me: the wild horse of Gradlon, hast thou seen him pass, down in the valley?—I have not seen him: only at midnight I have heard, trip trep, trip trep, trip trep—rapid as fire crackling in the furze."

"Hast thou seen, oh, fisherman, the sea-maid, combing her fair hair like gold under the noontide sun, upon the shore?—I have seen the white young maid of the sea; plaintive as the waves, I have listened to her song—"

"And he who listens to the mermaid's song," says Austell, in the pause, "the mary-morgan's chant, the echo of which breathes about the bay here, I have heard you declare—what becomes of him who listens? Does he not forget all else in that syren voice? I would you were the mary-morgan in good truth, Ninorch, and could make me forget."

One might have thought she had gone far toward doing so, to judge by the light in the man's eyes that were fixed on her a moment since. But now they are glooming with thoughts which will press back, and which he strives to thrust away with the old reckless gayety.

"Let us eat and drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die. I wonder, Ninorch, whether, if the last meal were of forbidden fruit, it would be all the sweeter?"

"You are speaking riddles to-day, Messire Austell."

"Am I? But do not you try to guess them: riddles are not always merry. And to-day we must be merry—for the last time," he adds, under his breath. Then he repeats the words aloud in English, slowly, with something of a solemn resolution in them.

Ninorch glances up at him, and a strange light comes into her eyes, and she turns them softly away. As for Austell, he is occupying himself with the shifting of the sail, and has headed the truant boat round for Kermartin, before he comes back to his seat opposite hers.

Her gaze has gone out over the waters quivering into blending silvery greens and blues, and yellowing glows, and rosy flushes—all the opal changes of a quiet sunset, where over the far western sea-line, sea and sky are melting into one soft warmth. All is so still: that rhythmic breathing from the bay makes no break in the silence; nor that vesper-bell which dies away in some curve of the shore. No wonder the girl is dreaming again, and has left Austell free to look at her, as when they sat together on the

courtyard wall this morning. He has sunk into the same posture, only with a fuller, freer gaze, which might have seemed a stare, but for a certain gloomy light in it, that photographs the face upon his memory. The low, broad sweep of the brow, with the breezy wavelets blown from under the white cap's jealous fold; the delicate profile, with its short, proud upper lip and firm curve of the chin; the long, dark lashes lying on the damask rose of the softly rounded cheek—

Yes, the lashes are drooping, the roses are deepening, under his gaze. She stirs uneasily, as if conscious of it. And then, with an impatient lifting of the head, she turns upon him, and begins to say something—anything—that may be prefaced with a careless little laugh.

But Austell interrupts it, almost sternly: "Ninorch, they say you women are quick to understand, compassionate and tender. Yet to-day you smile up in my face as if— There, I did not mean to tell you—not now, at least, nor thus. But why should I disguise it from you? Ninorch, to-day I am of all men most miserable."

Ninorch is looking at him, the color coming and going in her face. She is looking up straight into his, yet she knows he has taken a letter from his pocket-book—a letter with several postmarks and a foreign appearance about it—and is holding it out to her.

"Am I to read it?" she asks.

"Yes."

She opens the ill-folded sheet, where the sputtering red seal had already been broken; and she is glancing down at it, when Austell, with a laugh which has little sound of merriment in it, takes the letter from her hand.

"How stupid of me to forget you cannot read English. I'll translate for you."

And this it is, which he puts into French as well as he may:

"For the hands of Mr. Austell Boscawen, these—

"DEAR MAISTER AUSTELL: When you came to the Priory last June, and writ down for me as how I were to send a letter to you if need were, I kept saying in my own mind all the time, I'll none be for making so bold, I bla. But it's not for us poor short-sighted sinners to know the outs of things, and here I be, pen in hand, as is fitty, if 'ee did but know, and hoping these few lines will find you the same.

"What I have to tell you, Maister Austell, it's nobbut I just gotten a letter from Miss Madelon. The cheeld aye knew she could put hold by me for her best friend, for all the brave deal of trouble she were—"

The last words are elaborately crossed out, though Austell has been able to decipher them; and the letter goes on in quite a different way, as if taken, most probably, from the one just mentioned:

"Miss Madelon she will be at home, back at the Priory, some time most anny day about the middle

of September. I be to let you know so much, Maister Austell, and that if so be you're a mind to learn the truth and right a wrong, if you be pleased to come, Miss Madelon will meet you here anny day after the middle of September. Till then, it ben't of anny use to seek, not if it be over the half of England, for the quiet place she bides with the friends who have been good to her out of sweet charity, though it be little enough claim she had on them.

"So no more at present, but my humble respects, from

"Your affect. humble servant,

"LEAH PENRYN.

"P. S.—Miss Madelon were aye a queer sort, Maister Austell, and I hope you'll none be for taking a nif at old Leah for keeping her secret, as I bode to do."

He reads straight through this effusion, an odd enough jumble of a hint or two from some old-fashioned "Complete Letter-Writer;" the message from the grave, as it has seemed to Austell; and a touch of Leah's crafty self. Slowly and painfully he interprets it all for the girl, who listens with her eyes cast down. He has not looked at her while reading; and of course, now that he does, on ending, whatever expression of astonishment might have been on her face at first has had time to pass away. The expression that is there, puzzles him. He cannot make it out.

"It seems that the deceitful old woman has known of Madelon's being alive—her secret, as she calls it—all this while," he says in the pause, when Ninorch does not speak. And then, impatient of the silence: "Ninorch, speak. Tell me what I must do."

"What do you wish to do, messire?" not moving, nor lifting her eyes to him.

He had not doubted what he would do. It was not for that, that he showed her the letter. But when she puts the question to him, "What do you wish to do?"—the man's heart breaks suddenly from the control he has been keeping it in. He leans forward, he has her two hands fast in his tightening grasp.

"What do I wish to do? My darling, my darling, there is only one thing I wish in all the world. To hold you fast—as now."

He has stooped over the two little passive hands, putting them to his lips. A long, slow pressure; and then he lifts his haggard face, and lets the hands fall out of his clasp.

"I think I am a scoundrel, Ninorch. I could find it in my heart to be. I could find it in my heart to stay here—here—with your hands in mine—all my days, and forget that poor child over there, whom it may be I have been wronging all these years."

"Forget her, Messire Austell?"

"No, that I could not hope to do. But—remorse and you, Ninorch, would be nearer heaven to me than a clear conscience without you."

It is not the will of the man that speaks; it is the passion that has overpowered his will.

But the girl does not understand that. She has



grown white, and trembles, at his vehement words; and she looks at him with a shrinking terror in her wide brown eyes.

So white and trembling, that Austell is filled with a sudden sense that these tidings may be something to her more than he has dreamed. The sweet face, shrinking and pale—

"Ninorch, do you then care?"

He can see that she is struggling for speech. It seems to him that she is making a brave effort for a smile which shall convince him that she does not care. But the smile dies in a mere quiver of the lip; and the glance she does raise to him has such a breathless appeal in it, that before Austell knows what he would do, he has her in his arms.

"My darling, bid me stay, and I will never leave you."

She does not bid him stay; neither does she deny. She only leans there passive, the white, mute, upturned face against his breast, the heavy eyelids dropped, as if she were too tired to strive to free herself, as if there were no need to hold her.

Yet he does hold her; all the closer, that he feels her tremble.

"I will never leave you, Ninorch. Never, if you love me."

But she has drawn herself suddenly out of his keeping. She turns her white face on him with a strange look in it—a look he does not understand. Yet what matter? for she is speaking.

"As Madelon loved you once, I love you now."

"No more than that, my darling?"—repressing a shudder at the girl's name. "No more than that? For I think she never really loved me."

"You think she did not love you? When she promised—did you not tell me so?—to be your wife?"

"Why should we speak of her?" the man says, restlessly. "The child was a mere child; she could not know what love is."

"Did she not? Well, then, I must take another exemplar; and as you loved her, so I love you."

He, looking at her, has a bewildered sense of having heard those words before. But were ever words more meaningless?

"If your love be measured by mine to her," he says, hoarsely, "then you will prove a traitor to me."

"Ah çà, you did not undertake to love a ghost!" retorts Ninorch. "Was it fault of yours that she seemed buried deep enough under the sands over there in England? And is it your doing that she lives now? What have you to do with her, any more than with some ghost that may choose to creep out of its grave at midnight?"

It is a strange mood of Ninorch's. Austell cannot understand it. He does not try to understand it; it is as though he were under some spell he cannot even struggle against. The dark, bright eyes hold him fast, with that daring light in them, the brighter for the rose-blush that comes and goes, the softer for the smile that strives to stay, but only touches the lips with a passing quiver. As he looks across at

her, he takes his resolution. He will give up everything to Madelon; only he will not go back to her, he will not see her. Does he owe nothing to Ninorch?—Ninorch, who loves him as that pale child never could; Ninorch whom he loves—

Ay, that is it. He struggles against it no longer. He will have her.

But he does not shut his eyes to that which he must take with her. "Remorse and Ninorch," he says to himself once again, under his breath. Then suddenly, aloud: "I barter my conscience for your love, Ninorch. Now give it me in full measure, that I may forget all else."

Forget all else he does; perhaps more utterly, indeed, than if she gave in the full measure he demands. Love content may leave space for calm thought; but love unsatisfied, fearful of loss—

For how can he be sure of the girl leaning back there in her place, looking across at him with that half-defiant, wholly bewildering smile with which she answers him? What she says, he hardly knows; but whatever else he may forget, there is one picture that remains impressed upon his memory, however afterwards he may strive to blot it out or cover it up from sight. The picture of a drifting boat upon a summer sea flushed in the sunset, and a fair, flushed woman leaning opposite, with eyes that seem to hold him drifting on with her, and listless hand that parts the waters with a silvery splash, breaking the silence now and then, but not the spell.

It is the wind and the tide which conspire together to break that. The western breeze has come in with the rising tide, and both together softly push the boat toward shore. Ninorch first perceives it; and at her bidding Austell rouses himself, and shifts the sail a little, and heads for the sandy cove just above the rocks at Kermartin. He must land Ninorch there, and then take the boat back to Donarnenez.

There is hardly a word more exchanged between the two. As the keel grates on the beach, Ninorch springs ashore, not waiting for his hand; and then he pushes slowly off, watching until the lithe, tall figure with that gliding grace of motion disappears among the rocks.

For all the wandering out of the straight way upon the sea, the girl is still the first at home from the *fête*. She moves about the house for a few restless moments, rekindling the fire out of the smouldering turf upon the kitchen hearth, and then flinging doors and windows all wide, as if something in the air were stifling her. And then all in a hurry, with a sudden impulse she goes away into her own room, and comes out trailing after her, along the court-yard pavement, a long, torn strip of some black stuff. When she reaches the row of bee-hives in the angle of the wall, she stops.

Oftentimes here in Brittany, as even in some nooks of Wales and Cornwall, the friendly bees are put into mourning for any misfortune that befalls the house. But what has happened here, that the Kermartin hives must don these long festoons of black?

Ninorch has just put the finishing touches to her

gloomy decorations, and is moving away, when she hears a step behind her, on the pavement. She turns sharply, to confront—

"Yvon!" And then, in a tone of slow surprise: "You here? You?"

"I. And why not?" says the young man, with a sort of sullen defiance, yet shifting his position uneasily. "What more fitting than that I should come home to Kermartin, when so near—"

"Nothing less fitting," Ninorch breaks in, and looks full in his face. "But there, it does not matter: indeed, it is best so, for we may as well say farewell now, my cousin."

"Farewell?"

"I am going away, Yvon."

"Going away? Is it to Brest—to Uncle Morvan? Or to my mother's house, Ninorch? But I may sometimes see you—"

"Not to Brest, Yvon; nor to your mother. Out of this country altogether."

"Not to the grandmother's kinsman in France?"

"You are right; I shall not be in France. But we will not talk of places: you shall know afterwards, but I have not told even the grandmother as yet. Why should we concern ourselves about the place? The only thing that concerns us, is that we shall not meet again."

He comes one hurried step nearer to her.

"Ninorch, it is that heretic Saxon—you are going with him, you will marry him."

"You forget I am a heretic, too," she says, calmly. And then a change comes over her face. She lifts it to him.

"Do I look a happy bride? No, I'll not marry Austell Boscawen."

"You will not marry him, Ninorch? He loves you—"

"And I love him."

She says it with a sharp, sudden moan in her voice, turning aside from Yvon. And then, after a pause, very gently: "See, my cousin, suffering comes to all—we cannot escape it: it only remains to bear it bravely. To bear it bravely, you and I."

He hardly hears these words of hers: those that she spoke before, have all his thoughts.

"I can hardly understand you, Ninorch. The man loves you, and you love him, you say. And yet you will not marry him. Why, if you loved me," he says, hoarsely, a dark flush in his face, "if you loved me, not heaven and earth should keep us asunder."

"Then it is thrice well for you, that I do not. You might be weak enough, Yvon, to give up duty for love: but you are far too noble-hearted to be happy in doing it."

"I am no priest yet," returns the young man, quickly. "I am under no vows. Many a kloärek has changed, has given up while he was yet free, and married, and been happy with the maiden of his love at his own fireside."

"That is true. But my knowledge of you all these years is naught, if you could be one of these."

"Many a better man than I, has been," he says, moodily, his eyes upon the ground.

"That is true, too. But none with aims as high as yours: none who had cherished those aims, as you, from childhood up. Even if I loved you dearly, Yvon—as I never could—do you think you could be happy—after looking forward all your life to serving God—to serve a woman in His stead? To work for her, to care for her, to have her interests at heart—when to yourself you have been promising, through all these years, to work for God."

His head is lower on his breast; but he lifts it just once, to say: "You are speaking against your conviction. I have heard you say, long ago, that amongst those of your faith, it is held nothing wrong for even priests to marry."

"Yes. But is it my conviction, or, your own, that you would act upon? Is it my conscience, or your own, that would make you happy with its approval, or most wretched with its condemnation?"

There is a long, long silence, after that. So long, that the girl, with a worn look in her face, at last makes a movement as if to leave him. He stirs then; puts out both his hands, and takes hers gently.

"You are right, Ninorch. I think you are my conscience, after all."

"No, Yvon. God has given you a true heart; after awhile, it will be all the stronger for this pain."

They stand with clasped hands thus, looking into each other's face. Ninorch's is as colorless as his and after a moment, he observes it.

"You suffer, Ninorch: why should you suffer?" he says, speaking with effort. "You love him—he loves you—surely you cannot suffer long."

"Longer than you, dear Yvon," she replies, smiling a faint smile that has nothing but bitterness in it. "But there, we will not speak of me. Only this, Yvon: you have made your resolution; and you will see me no more."

"Please Heaven, no!"

The words have all the solemnity of an oath. She answers him softly: "I did not mean that. Only, as I said before, I am going away. It will not do for you never to come to the grandmother: her whole heart is bound up in you. And it would only make her unhappy to know anything of this between you and me. She has suffered enough in her long life: she shall not suffer through me. And so, I am going away."

"But she loves you, Ninorch. She would miss you sadly."

"Not so sadly as she would miss your visits, Yvon. Which of us has she loved longest and dearest? Besides, I am no longer able to be the careless, happy peasant girl I have seemed all these years—"

"Seemed, Ninorch? Only seemed? Then you have not really been happy here?"

The faintest tinge of color comes into her face.

"How can I tell? I have never been over happy in my life, I think. But I have always succeeded in being careless: until now. Now—Yvon, after all, I have the animal instinct strong in this, that when

I am sorely wounded, I must creep away and hide my hurt."

"I do not understand—" he is beginning, after a troubled pause, when she interrupts him:

"No, Yvon. And you may not understand. I told you I must creep away and hide my hurt."

The sweet mouth quivers in its smile, the eyes are wet, which she turns from him. The young man looks at her yearningly for one long moment. Then: "The Holy Trinity have mercy on us both!" he says, in a low voice; and drops her hands, and slowly walks away.

An hour after, when Ninorch, with kirtle daintily

caught back above her gold-laced petticoat, is kneeling on the hearth, "taking up" the clouted cream for the late fête-day supper, Anaik bursts in with the announcement that some one—Santex Anna defend us if it be an evil spirit or the korrigan!—has draped the bee-hives all in black, as if there were some cause for mourning in the house! And on a fête-day, too!

"And on this day of days!" says Austell, in an undertone, bending over Ninorch, as he gives back the ladle she let fall in that great start she gave.

She does not meet her lover's smile; she only grows a little paler, in spite of the firelight that flickers on her face as she stoops over the hearth.

(To be continued.)

## The Home Circle.

### "PLAIN JOHN."

I HAVE often tried to find ever such a little bit of romance among tramps, but never found it. They are invariably tramps and nothing else. They have lied to me, and stolen from me, and abused my confidence, and yet I never steeled my heart against the tramping brotherhood, and never will, poor fellows. When in answer to their invariable plea of hunger I have laid the "piece" in their dingy, sneaking palms and said, "That's the best the house affords," I have told the truth. If among the legion there has been one who was worthy and yet had not where to lay his head, then am I amply recompensed.

Oh, there was one! and his story is so pleasant, we will tell it here.

He came to the house of a poor clerk in our village one cold night and asked to lie by the fire in the kitchen. He was so very ill-looking that the woman and children shrank away and could not look at him; his eyes were glaring, his nose knobby and his mouth very large and protruding, his hair gray and standing out every way, and his large, coarse features were warty and weather-beaten. But something about the man—no one knows what—touched the heart of the kind clerk, and he gave him his supper and a bed for the night.

He invited him to tarry for breakfast. In the morning he allowed him to carry water and cut a little wood. In conversation, the tramp proved to be a good talker. He had been a great traveller, had lived in four of the largest cities in the Union, had travelled in other countries, been in the Franco-Prussian war, had kissed the Pope's toe, had seen the location of St. Patrick's adventures in Ireland, had crossed the Atlantic twice, been in California—why, it was better than reading a good book to hear him talk!

Before Mr. Walbridge went to the store that morning, he had assented to the tramp's proposal that he would take him into his family during the winter, and give him food and lodging for his services.

We all raised our eyebrows in astonishment; that fearfully homely man right in the same house with dear Mrs. Walbridge and the little children! Maybe he'd kill them; maybe he'd run off with his employer's silver watch or best "quarterly meeting clothes," or maybe he'd kidnap Lula, after the fashion of little Charlie Ross.

His name was John, but some of the girls said

because he had no other name and was so exceedingly homely he ought to be called plain John, and sure enough it was not long until all the villagers got to calling him "Plain John."

Now John could not endure idleness. He must do something, so he went to work and mended up his old clothes. His coat had been torn clear up the back to the very collar. He was heavy and square built, and the coat would be too tight if the rent were sewed up, so he laid a strip of yellow cloth on the underside and darned over it, after placing the edges close together. That made the garment sound again, and the yellow streak down the back took away the dull look and brightened up the gloom of his broad trunk beautifully. It suggested a butterfly of the gold-banded species. His trousers were black—a rusty, dingy black—and he enlivened them by three ample patches, fore and aft, of dark drab. They gave him a variegated appearance. The brim of his hat was loose and flapping, and one side hung down, but he turned it up and sewed it fast.

Mr. Walbridge kept one horse, and John took infinite pleasure in keeping this horse in good order. He groomed him every day, kept his mane and tail neat and smooth, and it was not long until old Barney began to take on airs and grow frisky and coltish. Plain John cared for the interests of his employer. He borrowed a little one-horse wagon and hauled saw-dust and made nice walks in the street near the house, and he contrived a rude ice-house out of a shed near the stable, and hauled ice and filled it full. Then he went out a few miles, and, for taking them out of the way, he got a lot of shavings and stuff, where some men were making shingles. This he hauled home and put in a safe, dry place. Mrs. Walbridge said that investment was as good as money in the bank. When the muddy March weather came on, all the villagers employed Plain John to haul tan-bark and saw-dust for their walks. They paid him well, and Mr. Walbridge told him they would let him have cloth for a suit of new clothes, at cost prices, at their store, and trust him for it. So the poor fellow got a brand new suit, and soon paid for it.

A kind lady who pitied him laid his case before the trustees of her church, and the result was, that Plain John became the sexton. The old sexton at one of the other churches died, and then the busy man, John, filled his place. This kept him pretty busy on Sabbath mornings. He would ring one bell and then hurry and run across lots and ring the other

bell. Sometimes he had to appoint a substitute. During a revival meeting one of the first converts was Plain John; he sobbed and told his pitiful story, and the hardest hearts in the house were melted, and a revival came down amongst us, the like of which we had never known.

After that he was another man. One of the girls said to me, coming home from church: "Oh, I saw poor Plain John smile to-day, and really and truly, his face was more than glorified! no smile on a girl's face was ever more becoming and beautiful. I wish you had only seen him."

But it was not long until I did see him smile. He came into church carrying Lula Walbridge, and when her mother sat down, John bent over to place the child in her lap, and she clung closer and closer, and wouldn't loosen her hold from his precious old neck. Her mother pulled her gently, then, not so gently, and the dear little thing stuck to the old fellow like a burr, calling out, "Go my Don! go my Don!" The mother was embarrassed and John grew very red. His eyes seemed to say, "Oh, let me keep the darling!" and hers answered back, "Take her with you." So he took Lula away to the other side of the house and sat down among the sedate trustees and elders. She sat on his lap, and counted his buttons, and put her hands in his side pocket and took out his white linen handkerchief and went through the familiar performance of nasal duties.

Plain John smiled. He was prouder then than he was the day he bent his knee and kissed the Pope's toe. What was the Pope's big toe in comparison with the loving nestle of a sweet baby in his lap, rummaging in his pockets, piling up his fingers, clinging round his burly old neck, kissing his unattractive out-mouth, and finally, with a loving confidence, pressing her little head in a curly heap against his "meeting jacket" and falling asleep?

Instead of Plain John, he was proud John, and the smile that illuminated his rough physiognomy was full of sweetness and beauty. It changed his face marvellously. That was what the Widow Bassett thought, as she looked over and saw the pretty picture under the chandelier. We don't know what else she thought. Benny Bassett, the village blacksmith, had been dead nigh on to four years. His widow still wore mourning, but not the deepest kind. Her collar and cuffs were all white now—she had worn them with a black edge—and her veil hung over one shoulder, and the mourning flowers on her bonnet were tipped and fringed with the merest white, just like a hint of glittering frost.

Perhaps she thought that a man who loves children is kind-hearted and affectionate and could be trusted.

In the spring, when people began to make garden, John very leisurely went to work and laid out such a garden for his employer as none of our village eyes had ever looked upon. We couldn't begin to tell what it was like. He planted seeds in such trim, neat beds, set out bulbs and roots and shrubbery and vines, had a border of flowers here, and another one there; a curve yonder that would flame out in mid-summer like a rainbow, aglow with the most gorgeous flowers; and a nook there which would be covered with a dense growth of vines, while a viny portal would enwreath the little gateway and make it a very bower of beauty and loveliness.

Why a written recommendation from the governor would not have been such a passport to the favor of the people, as was that garden. Everybody wanted one of Plain John's kind of gardens, and everybody was running after him far and near, and the result

was that he was overrun with employment at the best kind of wages. He rose with the lark and retired with the whippoorwill, and then couldn't do the work that people wanted done.

So John lived for over two years in our quiet country village. He was one of our live church-members; one of our most industrious citizens; his work commanded good wages. If a lot of women or girls wanted to go in a big sled away to a festival, or concert, or lecture, they all wanted Plain John to go along and drive, he was so cautious, and kind, and careful.

On one of these occasions I sat beside the driver, and the same robe wrapped us away from the falling snow. The women behind us were very noisy and gleeful, and that gave us a good opportunity for conversation.

I can't tell how I brought it about, but by womanly tact I drew from the sturdy, stolid old foreigner his story. He was a Prussian by birth, was well educated with a view to the medical profession, married young, was the father of two children and had a good home with pleasant surroundings. Five years after his marriage his wife eloped with the man whom he loved and trusted most of all men. She took both children with her. He spent all he was worth in pursuit of her, and then in utter despair he threw himself away; he drank to excess, frequented low places, trifled away his time, and finally took to travelling from one point to another, aimlessly, listlessly, with no heed for his own welfare.

I comforted the poor man with strong words and endeavored to fill his heart with good cheer. Indeed, my ride that evening, alongside the driver, is one of the pleasant episodes of my life.

After awhile Plain John went to New York, and was there perhaps a year, then he came back and said we were such a clever people, and our village was so healthy, and its scenery and surroundings so romantic, that he preferred to live with us. By this time the Widow Bassett owned the hotel, and was in need of a trusty man to look after her affairs, and Deacon Walbridge recommended Plain John as a jewel of a man. She engaged him without further ado.

Oh, John took to stepping lightly, then, wearing a moustache, and gloves with fur on them, snowy shirts with starry studs of pure gold, and he carried a cane whenever he walked out. Positively, the man grew quite handsome. The glitter and gleam of his dark, deep-set eyes toned down tenderly, and the expression was one of clear intelligence. His out-mouth was improved by letting his beard grow in a wise way, like all homely men should know and practice; his iron-gray hair became soft and silky under the touch of his skillful hands; the friendly physician made the unsightly warts and moles disappear, and, after all, his big nose was no bigger than some other noses.

In less than a year the Widow Bassett laid aside her mourning altogether. How becoming to her were those jaunty little basques with a simulated jacket front, how much prettier her hair looked in finger puffs, and jewelry was certainly made for the Widow Bassett to wear.

One time she blushed real girlishly when Plain John came in suddenly and found her sitting at her desk looking over some old accounts. She had on a dotted white wrapper with black velvet bows in her hair and at her throat and wrists. A vase with roses in it stood on the desk. He looked at her and cast his eyes down and turned to go out.

"Come here, John, I don't understand how to compute compound interest very well," said she.



He drew his chair up and sat down near her, and in less than three minutes shoved the paper back to her.

"There," said he, "that's correct."

She glanced it over, and, looking up with bright eyes and heightened color, said: "O John, how could I do without you!"

Poor Plain John! he forgot that he had ever been a tramp, or aught else than a gentleman, and he softly said: "O Margaret Bassett, I wish, I wish that I were so dear to you that in very truth you could not live without me!"

We don't know what reply the widow made to "his little speech," but we do know that when he went out of the room a rose was in his buttonhole, and the roses were on his cheeks, and the sweet assurance of another woman's satisfying love filled his dear old heart to the brim. Good Plain John, prouder by half than he was plain now.

And the boarders at the tea-table could hardly keep their wondering eyes off the fair, bright, handsome face of the Widow Bassett, blooming anew. Blakelee, the old bachelor, thought seriously of turning his attentions that way; and Carpenter, the widower, felt an arrow shoot right into his old battered heart; but he was too late, Plain John had won the prize.

One evening last September there was the quietest kind of a wedding at the Bassett House, and one hour later the bride and groom took the eight o'clock train for the Centennial. John looked kingly in silk hat, faultless broadcloth and white vest; and the plump little Mrs. John was charmingly attired in sober gray relieved with white. The little gray plumes in her hat nodded as she took his arm and walked over to the platform. They departed themselves gracefully, and were the handsomest wedded pair who visited the Centennial on a like occasion.

PIPSEY POTTS.

### FROM MY CORNER.

BY LICHEN.

No. 8.

THE sad, mournful sound of the first fall rain comes in through the closed windows all day long. There is a peculiar dreariness to me in its tones at this season. It always seems to speak of dead joys, of hopes dashed away by life's pitiless storms, beaten to the earth, like that tender vine outside the window, whose clinging arms have been dragged from their support, until it lies flat upon the ground, drenched by the tears which have been pent up for weary days and weeks.

It may be wrong to let anything in nature awaken such feelings, but that is its natural tendency. I do not listen to it any more than I can help, not wishing to encourage such thoughts; but sometimes they come over me too forcibly to be resisted, and remind me of the many hearts that may be feeling just as this day seems to feel. I turn from it to the last letter from you, dear friend, who in your far away northern home are thinking so often of me, and sending me such cheering words, such beautiful thoughts for me to ponder over. I thank God that your life is a bright one—that no storms sweep over it; and I pray that the sunshine of love and happiness may long illumine it.

Last evening Floy brought me a letter from May to read, containing accounts of the pleasant way in which she was spending her time. Moonlight rides to a lake not far off, participated in by a merry party

of her young companions, and social evenings where a few friends meet for music and conversation.

We had a pleasant meeting of that kind ourselves last night. Floy and Edna, with their respective escorts, came to lend me the brightness of their presence for an hour or two, which passed rapidly with music and merry chat, and some sensible talk about books and authors we had been lately reading. It always seems to me a special goodness in them to come away from their other young friends and enjoyments to this quiet little dwelling, to give me this pleasure, when I am so much older than they, and have so different a life. Yet I doubt if they realize my being much older often; some of them say they do not; and indeed I feel as if I never could grow old with young folks around me. I enjoy their talk and ways almost as much as if I were only nineteen or twenty myself.

One day last week, just as the sun was dipping low in the west, and a cool, soft breeze arose, Rosalie and her mother came to take me out for a drive. They took me through upland woods where I had never been before, and where every variety of tree and shrub brought to mind the woods around my girlhood's home, through which I used to ride and walk. Where every little rivulet, and knoll, and shady dingle looked like some spot which held in memory a pleasant recollection for me. Once we passed a cluster of golden rod, and hearing my exclamation of pleasure at the sight of it, Rosalie's young cousin, who was driving us, stopped the carriage, and gathered a great bunch for me. As he gave it into my hand, I remembered the first time Rosalie brought him—then hardly more than a boy—to see me, and he brought me a handful of these same flowers, which they had gathered in their ramble along the roadside. They were the first I had seen since I gathered them myself in the woods, and were a welcome, valued gift. I never forgot the clear, brown eyes, nor the broad, thoughtful brow he carries above them, which made such a favorable impression on me at once.

We had a delightful time coming homeward on this evening of our ride, and were loth to leave the woods behind us. But the rest could hardly know the deep pleasure they were giving me, for they enjoy it so often it seems a small thing to them.

This morning is as bright and beautiful as yesterday was cheerless and gloomy. Everything seems refreshed and revived, as hearts that are lifted up and lightened after a pressure of sadness has been removed and a joy placed in its stead. The trees still hold the most of their summer green. The tall, stately dahlias look brilliant in the sunshine, and zinnias, and china-asters, and the pale, starry, wild aster, brought from the woods to live amongst the garden flowers, are blooming in profusion.

I did not know any one else cared as much for this latter flower as mother and I do, until last fall I received a letter from an uncle, whose long, busy years of practical life have not smothered the poetic element in his nature, nor his love for all things beautiful which God has made, whether humble or great. It contained a tiny bunch of pressed asters, and a little poem descriptive of the thoughts awakened by finding this old friend of his youthful days blooming by the wayside on the outskirts of a town where he was walking. The morning-glory vines are crowned with blue and red and white bloom—a glory to the morning, indeed. They are mother's pet vine—not too old-fashioned for her yet, and they hold some sweet associations for me. As I watch the long,

tendrill-like branches swaying in the breeze, I can recall many pleasant mornings long ago, sitting in their shade, with the faces of my own loved ones around me, for we always had them growing in our old home.

How different I feel from what I did yesterday. The world is so beautiful sometimes in spite of pain and trouble. Ah, if people's lives could only be as good and beautiful as the earth is around them, what a grand and happy world it would be! But then we might not care for a better one. Yet we might easily take more of its beauty into our lives, if we only thought how to, and make them happier, more perfect ones, through its influence. I have come out on the gallery, where the honeysuckles throw their cool shadows, to enjoy more fully the beauty of this lovely morning, and to gain, if might be, from the scene around me, expression for the thoughts and feelings passing through my mind. But in vain I essay to frame them into words, such as I would wish. I look out at the sunshine, the green hillside, the waving trees, and all poor words of mine die before my pen can utter them—drowned by a mightier sound. Nature is speaking through a hundred voices—the sunlight, the breeze which whispers through the leaves, and ruffles the stream, and waves the hanging vines to and fro; the bird-songs, the blue skies and blooming flowers—all are speaking thoughts which stir my heart, but find no expression. Go out and listen. They can say it all, far better than I, and I will only say, Good-bye.

#### A WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE.

I HAVE just been reading "Women in Literature," in Mrs. E. B. Duffey's truthful and well-written chapter on "Women's Work in the World," published in the August number of the HOME MAGAZINE, and there is so much contained in it, that I have actually experienced, that I feel that irrepresable desire to add my testimony to the truth of her sayings. I want to tell women who complain of "want of time," the circumstances under which I wrote the first story that I ever received any compensation for. I had written for local papers until I had no difficulty in obtaining publication for all the writing that I could do for nothing; but even in this I labored under every conceivable discouragement. I belong to the working class, and every moment occupied in writing was considered a waste of time by those whose opinion in the matter was entitled to respect. So I resolved to first discharge my duty towards every member of my family, and devote only that portion of time to this favorite occupation which other women devoted to embroidery and kindred pursuits; but discharging "my duty to the family," often occupied so many hours of the day that it was only after the others had retired to rest, that I found time to write.

At length I resolved to make a strenuous effort to write something worthy of compensation. We were living upon the frontier, and I had no room where I might sit in quiet seclusion to commit my thoughts to paper, but with the exception of sleeping apartments, there was but one room in the house, and this was occupied by a family of eight persons, for whom I did the work. After the older children had gone to school, and the men to their work, I used to get the baby to sleep and sit down to write, but the little three-year-old girl grew lonely as soon as the room was quiet, and would climb upon my lap, and put her arms around my neck, and say: "Oo does love me, don't oo, mamma?" and there may be women

strong-minded enough to have driven her away, but I couldn't, and so after giving her the needed assurance, I used to open the organ and let her drum upon it till she came back to me, and then I gave her a string of sleigh-bells, and she galloped round the room with them about her neck while I wrote. It was winter, and I had to write during the evenings while the rest of the family laughed and talked and played around me, and every one knows how utterly impossible it would be to impose quietude upon a household composed mostly of healthy, fun-loving boys, with schoolmates frequently coming home with them to "stay all night." A respectable degree of order was all that I ever tried to maintain. I used to get tired, worried and nervous, and almost discouraged, when I wondered if anything written under such unfavorable circumstances could possibly be worth anything; but I had to write in the midst of such surroundings, or not at all, and I chose the former. But, at length, in the face of all discouragements, that story was completed, and the HOME MAGAZINE paid me the money for it, and after that my prospects brightened. ISADORE ROGERS.

#### WOMAN'S WORDS ABOUT WOMAN.

DEAR "HOME CIRCLE:" I have gathered for you from the columns of that excellent publication, *Woman's Words*, where the editor has collected them, a few thoughts about woman, her sphere, her duties and her influence—all the utterances of women. I trust the editor will give them a place in your special department. S—L—

FRANCIS WRIGHT says: "Let women stand where they may in the scale of improvement, their position decides that of the race."

GAIL HAMILTON says: "A woman must make herself obvious to her husband or he will drift out beyond her horizon. She will be to him very nearly what she wills and works to be."

PROF. MARIA MITCHELL says: "Women, so amiable in themselves, are never so amiable as when they are useful; and as for beauty, though men fall in love with girls at play, there is nothing to make them stand to their love like seeing them at work."

MARY A. LIVERMORE says: "Let us give to women such training, physically, industrially, intellectually and spiritually, that we shall shame the word 'superfluous' out of the vocabulary, as descriptive of women. And this will help men, and elevate them, quite as much as any special work which might be done for them."

LADY GORE LANGTON says: "A man does not make a bad husband because he has a profession. A woman who knows that in remaining single she did not leave herself without interest and occupation would both double her chances of marriage and be able to judge calmly of an offer when it comes."

MISS MULOCK says: "Would that, instead of educating our young girls with the notion that they are to be wives or nothing—matrons, with an acknowledged position and its duties at all—we could instill into them the principle that, above and before all, they are to be women—women, whose character is of their own making and whose lot lies in their own hands. Every girl ought to be taught that a hasty, loveless union, stamps upon her a foul dishonor."

MARGARET BUCHANAN says: "The cardinal mistake which irrational advocates of women's rights have made is in libeling their actual intention by an apparent pretense that woman in the professions is to

be something less of a woman and a little more of a man. The women who have successfully entered the professions of law, medicine and journalism, and those who, like Mrs. Livermore, carry a finer culture than many men into the pulpit, are the best answer to the charge so flippantly made that a woman ceases to be feminine when she turns her brain to account in a practical, honorable and capable way. The vulgar absurdity that she is 'womanly' who darns stockings, scrubs floors and carries garbage; and she is 'womanly' who devotes herself to gossip, fashion, dissipation and vice; while she is not 'womanly' who becomes a physician, a lawyer, a journalist, a

minister, lurks only in heads too stupid to understand their own better instincts, or too base to value in woman that which is dearest in her to man and most esteemed in her own eyes—the power to win and to keep man's love through his respect for her and her respect for herself. There is no lasting love without respect; and, looking over the face of society, who are the happiest mates? Whose are the attractive homes? What class of women make, by universal consent, the tenderest and most faithful wives, the devoted and efficient mothers? The women between whom and their husbands there is the closest bond of intellectual sympathy."

## Health Department.

### THE FEEDING OF INFANTS.

**D**R. W. FAUSSETT, in an interesting article on this subject in the *London Medical Press and Circular*, arrives at the following conclusion:

(1.) That aliment should always be presented to the infant stomach in a perfectly fluid form.

(2.) That as bread and farinaceous substances generally have been proved by experience, and recently by numerous post-mortem examinations, to be often indigestible, and to have led directly to infant mortality, such substances had better be excluded from infant feeding.

(3.) That cow's or goat's milk, when pure and modified as much as possible to resemble human milk, will often be found sufficient, without any other help, to nourish the new-born infant.

(4.) That as cocoa contains all the elements indispensable for the growth and development of the body, and can always be presented in a fluid form, it is, next to milk, preferable to all other natural substances as an article for infant aliment.

There is one other point which, though only indirectly connected with infant feeding, is one of paramount importance, as regards the present and future health of the individual, namely, the necessity of guarding against the hateful practice of covering the child's face as it sleeps.

The mistaken kindness and over-zealous attention of nurses in excluding the pure air of heaven from entering the lungs, in order to guard against the effects of cold, will often be exhibited in the soft, pale, flabby condition of the infant's body, while a cachectic condition of the blood will be insidiously generated, which must prevent the infant thriving for the present, and possibly may lay the foundation of tubercular and other diseases in after life.

### EVIL EFFECTS OF HIGH-HEELED BOOTS.

**T**HE *London Medical Examiner*—a high authority—gives the following caution to ladies. But will the high heel be abandoned? Not till fashion gives the word. Since the introduction of the narrow, oblique high heels, on which ladies now endeavor to progress with a motion resembling that of a mechanical doll, M. Onimus has been consulted by several young women of fashion, who have sorely suffered from the prevailing mode. It is scarcely necessary to observe that the weight of the body is shifted by the high heel from the calcaneum to the arch of the foot, which was intended to distribute weight, and not sustain it. The symptoms of which the patients, if we may so call them, complain, are severe pains in the muscles of the leg, excited by

walking, and extending upwards from the sole of the foot, along the external and anterior border of the calf to the muscles of the thigh. When the symptoms are severe, and give rise, as they often do, to general disturbance, they are quietly set down to incipient hysteria; but the physiologist quickly discovers the cause, and traces it to the work unnaturally thrown on certain muscles. Hence arise, in the first instance, undue pressure on the plantar arch, which has a tendency to give way; displacement and perhaps slight separation of articular surfaces; application to the ground of the heel and toe at one and the same time; and irregular flexion and direction of the great toes, from painful contraction of the plantar muscles. The disorder, besides, does not end here. The muscles of the leg, chiefly those of the calf, being obliged to struggle continuously against the constant tendency of the promenade to be projected forwards, are affected with severe cramps, and the peroneus longus especially continues to suffer for a considerable time after the other muscles. In some cases the pain mounts to the knee, or even to the thigh, and, in delicate females, nervous symptoms, resembling those of hysteria, are apt to ensue.

### REMOVING FOREIGN BODIES FROM THE NOSE.

**A** CORRESPONDENT of the *Medical Record* observes, on perusing an account of a discussion on the removal of a button from the nares, that he finds no mention of a very simple procedure which has often succeeded after instruments have failed. It is merely to blow the patient's nose for him by closing the empty nostril with the finger, and then blowing suddenly and strongly into the mouth. The glottis closes spasmodically, and the whole force of the breath goes to expel the button or bean, which commonly flies out at the first effort. This plan has the great advantages of exciting no terror in the child, and of being capable of being at once employed by the parent before delay has given rise to swelling and impaction.

### INSUFFICIENT NUTRIMENT.

**I**NSUFFICIENT nutriment, says Dr. Holbrook, weakens the mind as well as the body. Many writers place poor diet at the head of the causes that weaken attention and debilitate all the faculties of the mind. Thus we often see that disease which wastes the body enfeeble the mind also; though this is not always the case, for sometimes the brain does not diminish as the other parts of the body do. Consumptives must see that their bodies are properly fed!

## Fashion Department.

### FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

**G**REEN, in every conceivable and every indescribable shade and tint, is, we are told, to be the prevailing, or at least the most stylish color in dresses for the present season. To costumes of these tints will be added silver buttons and braids, possibly a silver belt, a silver chataleine to support the fan, a silver comb, and other silver ornaments.

The Breton styles of dress are just now in favor; but anything so pronounced as they are, which acquires such sudden and wide-spread popularity, is almost certain to be discarded early. The popular taste wearies of that which becomes too common.

In basques there are various styles, double and single breasted, closing perpendicularly and diagonally, long and short. Overskirts show a tendency toward a gradual but a sure decrease of drapery, and many of the newest patterns fall in entirely plain folds down the back of the dress. Some of those which are plain at the back are disposed in either straight or diagonal folds across the front.

In trimmings, satin will be recognized the coming season as holding an important place. It will be used in either folds, pipings or plaitings. A well-finished quality of linen-back satin is more durable, and in every way more desirable, than a light grade

of manufacture wrought entirely of silk. Fringes still hold their own, though it is whispered that laces are shortly to supercede them. One of the novelties of the season in the way of trimming will be a galloon of variable width, embossed with bright and positive tints, representing arabesques, leaves, vines, and even insects. Some of these galloons are in silk, and others in worsted.

Dresses of very rich fabrics have lace added to the wrists, sometimes extending over the hand as far as the knuckles. Light trained dresses have a delicate plaiting of muslin edged with lace around the bottom of the skirt, just showing beneath it, and serving as a protection against dust and dirt.

Among the many styles of hats which will either be introduced as novelties, or retained from among the favorites of the past season, the Danicheffs will stand very prominently. The Danicheff, raised on one side by what is termed in millinery parlance a "visor," is now worn back in bonnet style, and with beautiful effect. The brim by its position is brought quite flat against the right side of the head to cover the ear, and raised high over the top of the head, and flared upward on the left side.

Among the many new styles of wraps, there are several pretty sacks and dolmans, similar to, yet varying somewhat from, those introduced last winter

## New Publications.

**Personal Appearance and the Culture of Beauty, with Hints as to Character** By T. S. Sozinsky, M.D., Ph.D. Philadelphia: Allen, Lane & Scott. In the matter of personal appearance, there are two extremes into which very many people are continually falling. Some devote a large part of their time and thought to bodily care and adornment, while others are so indifferent thereto as to render themselves almost repulsive. Both extremes are bad; but the extreme of indifference is to us the worst. A woman loses influence for good both at home and socially just in the degree that she neglects her person. Neatness, cleanliness, harmony of color in dress, and care in the fitting and make-up, are wonderfully potent agents on the side of a woman's power over others in any of the spheres of life in which she may be called to rule. The temptation to give an undue portion of time and care to personal appearance will, of course, be strong with many, and lead to vanity and the wasteful expenditure of time and money; but it is no argument against the right culture of beauty that some make it an end, and not a means of right influence.

In the book before us will be found a great many practical hints and suggestions to both sexes on the subject of dress and on personal defects and peculiarities, and the ways by which they may be rendered less apparent. Many of the directions given are excellent, while some are open to objection. In the cultivation of physical symmetry and beauty the laws of health are strictly enjoined. "Shun," says the author, "luxury and dissipation of every kind, and do not be the slave of any bad habit. The use of unnecessary and injurious agents, such as alcoholic

liquors, tobacco and condiments, is sapping the vitality of the race. These things should be touched with caution as articles that sooner or later destroy health, happiness and life. Eat regularly of simple, wholesome fare. \* \* \* Most people seem to hang up reason with their hats before sitting down at the table. \* \* \* Retire to sleep at a fixed hour, and for a fixed length of time, and keep in mind that heated and badly-ventilated bed-rooms are hot-beds of imbecility. We are not inclined to lay down any length of time as proper to devote to sleep, for it is largely a matter of habit; but we may say that six or seven hours is sufficient for any one. \* \* \* We cannot sufficiently condemn the fashionable practice (among ladies) of taking a nap of two or three hours' duration in the afternoon. There is no more fertile source of debility and misery than this. \* \* \* Be cleanly. A plunge, or, what is quite as good, a sponge bath, daily, will be of benefit; wear easy-fitting, comfortable, seasonable clothing; breathe pure air, and take plenty of exercise. \* \* \* Reverence truth, respect justice, try to do as much good as possible, and be happy by having something important to do, something dear to love and something worthy to hope for."

**The Ideal Life.** By Ella F. Mosby. Cincinnati, O. Published for the Author. A book that shows rare intellectual culture, and familiarity with the higher and purer forms of thought. It is in three parts: the first treating of "Individual Life;" the second of the "Ideals and Myths of the Races;" and the third of "The Artistic Life." We make one or two brief extracts. Speaking of music, the author says:



"There is in music the delicate and subtle quality of sex, readily felt but hard to define. There are songs which are purely womanly, symphonies which are man-like, heroic. Even musical instruments partake of one nature rather than the other. And the violin above all others, in its peculiar flexibility and tenderness, fills the place of a woman's voice in the orchestra. It inspires more love than all other instruments, it has more pathos and individuality."

In a chapter on our "Unconscious Growth," we have this fine passage:

"So day after day comes the new beginning; so night after night the rest. I believe there are beautiful meaning in the pause of the darkness, as well as in the active work of the light. In the day we often forget what manner of men we might be. Only in the quiet shadows do we dare look into the face of our ideal life and see its loveliness. For then we have laid aside, if but for a little while, our resistance, our worldliness, our self-consciousness. As the parable says of the higher kingdom, it is 'as if a man should cast seed into the ground and should sleep, and the seed should spring and grow up, *he knoweth not how.*' So unconscious is the soul's growth; through the long winter nights, when the snow falls soft and noiseless on the roof, and we remember those we love with tears that do not hurt as they flow; in the short nights of summer, when the windows are all open to the morn, and sometimes a bird sings out loud and clear from the orchard trees, or the bells of the cattle ring down by the meadow brook. Ringing and singing into the very heart of slumber and dreams; the song and the bell sound on, so sweet, so distinct, and yet so far away, and a vision of green summer lands, a vision of peace, seems to arise and float before our sleeping eyes, and does not fade away when we awaken."

"The colors of memory, as McDonald says, shine out clearest and fairest in the dark. In our sleep we go back into our childhood, and doubtless it is so that humanity keeps alive in its innermost heart the eternal child. It is not yesterday or to-day that we remember in our dreams; it is the foolish trouble of our early years, and their innocent and small de-

lights. When the eyes of the man, old and tired, close at night, he sees the yellow harvest fields and the pastures where the sheep were feeding on their knees, the gabled roof of the old home, and the shy, brown bird and her brood which the boy watched. He hears her tiny piping and the nestling's chirp, and the children laugh out again in the narrow lane. So the old years are woven through our present hours in one seamless and imperishable fabric."

That Husband of Mine. Boston: Lee & Shepard. For sale in Philadelphia by Porter & Coates. The most popular stories of the day seem to be a kind which shall please, but which neither possess deep thought in themselves nor awaken it in their readers. Their plot must be the simplest of the simple, their style lively and dashing, and that is all. Of this character is the book before us. It will amuse the reader during the hour he spends over its pages; but it will be laid aside and forgotten as soon as read. It is a lively and pleasant story, but does not belong to a high order of literature.

Four Irrepressibles. What they Did—What they Undid. Boston: Loring, Publisher. For sale in Philadelphia by Porter & Coates. This is advertised as "Another Helen's-Babies" story. It is, in fact, an imitation of that exceedingly popular story; but, while it is moderately amusing, it lacks the real genius and naturalness of that book.

The Queen's Favorite; or, The Price of a Crown. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

The Man of the World. By William North. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. These two volumes belong to Peterson's Dollar Series of Novels, and as such will probably obtain a wide circulation.

Marrying for Money. By Mrs. Mackenzie Daniel. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. A lively story, with well-conceived plot and well-drawn characters, which is published by the Messrs. Peterson in a cheap and popular form.

## Editor's Department.

The Authors of "Old Martin Boscawen's Jest."

THE Charleston (S. C.) *Journal of Commerce* contains, in a recent issue, the following from the pen of PAUL H. HAYNE, Esq. It will interest our readers:

"Miss Marian C. L. Reeves, now of Delaware, whose father was a South Carolinian, and who is related to the Legares and Palmers of this State, being a niece of the Reverend old Dr. Palmer, late of the Circular Church, and consequently a first cousin of Dr. Ben Palmer, of New Orleans, promises, in time, to become the most distinguished novelist of the South."

Already she has achieved a brilliant fame. Her "Ingemisco," "Randolph Honor" and "Wearithorne," are remarkable works, particularly the latter, which, without being in any respect an imitation, reminds one forcibly of the weird power and sombre imagination of the Bronte sisters.

"No work in English literature—we say it deliberately—with the solitary exception of 'Wuther-

ing Heights,' can compare with 'Wearithorne,' for a certain Rembrandt-like depth of coloring; while as an art-work, it avoids the grave defect of Emily Bronte's *Chef d'Euere*, which is painful, often brutal characterization.

"Wearithorne" has been dramatized, and was recently acted with marked success in the West, Maggie Mitchell personating the heroine.

"A new story, called 'Old Martin Boscawen's Jest,' and composed jointly by Miss Reeves and her aunt, Emily Read (the able author of 'Aytocoon'), is now being issued serially in ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, Philadelphia, and having reached its fourteenth chapter, we can form a tolerably correct notion of its style, purpose and artistic merit."

"These cannot be too highly commended. Although the scene of the tale is laid first in Wales and afterwards in Brittany (countries which we have reason to think neither of the writers has ever visited), the *vraisemblance* of the descriptions, and the startling vigor of the local characterization, even down to the racy *patois* of the peasantry, show how

vivid is the realizing imagination of both writers. Homeliness of detail is combined with general breadth of view, and the reader instinctively feels himself in the presence of personages truly drawn, and scenes accurately depicted.

"We predict for 'Old Martin Boscawin's Jest,' if the story proceeds to the end with the force and consistency thus far exhibited, a rare success among those more thoughtful and critical readers upon whose judgment an author's fame finally depends. Surely we, of South Carolina, should be especially proud of a young author so gifted, and so full of promise. Already she has done admirably; and there is about all she writes a perception of the properties of art, a wise reserve of power, and controlling imaginative insight, which (not to exaggerate) we can hardly discover in the productions of any other novelist of Miss Reeves' age, North or South."

#### Highland Bride's Departure.

(See Engraving.)

THE very pleasing picture which we give for a frontispiece the present month, is a copy of a painting by the well-known artist, Jacob Thompson, whose representations of rural life have so justly secured him the admiration of all true lovers of art. The youthful bride, seated upon the old white pony, and with her young husband at her side, is taking a farewell of her childhood's home, and receiving from some old friend, or possibly her mother, a copy of the Bible, as a parting gift. A second pony stands near, laden with a portion of the household goods of the young couple, prominent among which is the spinning-wheel, which will in the future occupy so many of the leisure hours of the young wife. The group in the foreground is a pleasing one; while in the distance the bare and rocky highlands of Scotland raise their scarred heads, and far away there is the glimmer and sheen of a highland loch.

#### Portraits in Crayon.

MISS L. E. BENTON, of Vergennes, Vermont, whose advertisement will be found in this number of the HOME MAGAZINE, is an artist in crayon of very considerable ability, judging from work that we have seen, and we take pleasure in commending her to those who may desire to have crayon portraits drawn from small photographs.

#### "Compound Oxygen" in Pulmonary Consumption.

THE remarkable vitalizing power which this new curative agent possesses, makes it particularly efficient in throat and lung diseases; and here some of its best results have been obtained. For the information and assurance of persons suffering from pulmonary troubles who may feel inclined to give the "Oxygen" a trial, we quote from letters received from two well-known and responsible individuals. The first is from Mr. H. G. JACOBS, Chief Clerk of the Architectural Bureau at Washington, D. C. Writing to Dr. Starkey, under date of June 7, 1877, he says: "As you will remember, I began the experiment (for so I considered it) in April, two years ago. At that time I was so reduced in strength, by frequent hemorrhages, as to be unable to walk to and from my office without the utmost exertion. After two months' trial, I discontinued the Treatment, at your suggestion, being so far recovered as to feel no need of it. My health has been uniformly good from that time to the present."

The other letter is from WALDO M. CLAFFLIN, 1018 Arch Street, Philadelphia, dated June 8, 1877. "You ask me," he writes, "for a statement of my experience with the Compound Oxygen Treatment. Well, two years ago I was very sick with what was called consumption. I was too sick to attend to business—even to write a letter. My physician got discouraged, and took me almost by force to your office about the 20th of July. I began to improve very soon, so that all my friends were surprised. I was able to resume business in September, increasing in weight, strength and comfort. I took the Compound Oxygen at irregular intervals (only once in two weeks, after November) until spring. An occasional cold, from which I promptly recover, is all that has troubled me since. If there be any disease about me for the last year, there is no evidence of it."

Results equally remarkable have been obtained in large numbers of cases under this Treatment.

## Publishers' Department.

### THE HOME MAGAZINE for 1878.

Our new year will open with

#### Two Serial Stories.

One will be from the pen of the HOME MAGAZINE's old favorite,

### Virginia F. Townsend.

The other from the pen of

### T. S. Arthur.

We are not yet able to announce the title of Miss Townsend's story, but Mr. Arthur's will be called

#### "His Dear Little Wife,"

and will be the story of a sweet child-woman's tender, romantic love and wedded life, and—and—but she is with the angels; and why and how they took her away from her husband, the story itself will tell.

During the year, from two to three attractive serial stories besides these will be given, but none of them will occupy the magazine for a longer period than from four to six months. Instead of running a story through the whole year, we shall give it larger space in each number, and so complete it more rapidly, and without the long delays which to most readers are so tantalizing.

The HOME MAGAZINE, which has always been opposed to the liquor traffic as a great national evil, and on the side of entire abstinence from intoxicating beverages as the only remedy for the wide-spread curse of drink, will be still more earnest and pre-

nounced in its opposition to this traffic in every form. It will also give to the

### Great Christian Temperance Movement,

which is rousing the hearts and consciences of the people through our land, all the aid, and sympathy, and support in its power to offer.

As it has been heretofore, so will it continue to be

### A Magazine for the People,

devoted to the culture of all the best and purest household affections: a magazine in which the charms of a graceful literature shall be united with the truest and noblest principles: a magazine that, while it always comes as a cheerful and pleasant companion, will endeavor to prove itself a true and faithful friend.

### New and Better Terms.

We shall make a still farther reduction in our rates for the coming year, as will be seen by the following

#### TERMS FOR 1878.

1 Copy, one year, . . . . .	\$2 25
2 Copies, . . . . .	4.00
3 " . . . . .	5.50
6 " and one to club-getter, . . . . .	11.00
10 " " " " " . . . . .	16.50
15 " " " " " . . . . .	23.50
20 " " " " " . . . . .	30.00

These important reductions, especially in the club rates, will give our many friends who get up clubs for the magazine better facilities, and enable them in many instances to enlarge their clubs.

#### BUTTERICK'S NEWEST PATTERNS

For Ladies' and Children's Dresses. These are given in every number of "ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE."

They are acknowledged to be among the most practical and useful of any in the country, and as they are always accompanied with full descriptions of the garment, material to be used, etc., and the cost of pattern, so enabling every woman to be, if she chooses, her own dressmaker, our lady readers will see that, in this feature, our magazine is rendered almost indispensable to the family. We give these patterns by special arrangement.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

#### LIFE-SIZE PORTRAITS IN CRAYON

Drawn from small photos. Life-size, 22x30 in., \$20.00 to \$30.00, according to finish.

Half life-size, 13x16 in., \$12.00 to \$15.00. \$2.00 of price must accompany each order.

Portraits sent for cash on approval, Satisfaction guaranteed.

Address

L. E. BENTON,

10-12

Vergennes, Vt.

## Ayer's Ague Cure,

FOR THE SPEEDY RELIEF OF

**Fever and Ague, Intermittent Fever, Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Periodical or Billious Fever, etc., and indeed all the affections which arise from malarious, marsh or miasmatic poisons,**

**R**

Has been widely used during the last twenty-five years, in the treatment of these distressing diseases, and with such unvarying success that it has gained the reputation of being infallible. The shakes, or chills, once broken by it, do not return, until the disease is contracted again. This has made it an accepted

remedy, and trusted specific, for the Fever and Ague of the West, and the Chills and Fever of the South.

Ayer's Ague Cure eradicates the noxious poison from the system, and leaves the patient as well as before the attack. It thoroughly expels the disease, so that no Liver Complaints, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Dysentery or Debility follow the cure. Indeed, where Disorders of the Liver and Bowels have occurred from Miasmatic Poison, it removes the cause of them and they disappear. Not only is it an effectual cure, but, if taken occasionally by patients exposed to malaria, it will expel the poison and protect them from attack. Travellers and temporary residents in Fever and Ague localities are thus enabled to defy the disease. The General Debility which is so apt to ensue from continued exposure to Malaria and Miasm, has no speedier remedy.

For Liver Complaints, it is an excellent remedy.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,

Practical and Analytical Chemists.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

9-10.

**\$5 to \$20** per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

2-y.

**BIG PAY** to sell our RUBBER PRINTING STAMPS. Terms free. TAYLOR & CO., Cleveland, O.

11, 1, 3, 6, 8, 10.

**\$12 a day** at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

2-y.

**\$66** a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

2y.

**50 FANCY CARDS**, ten tints, with your name in gilt, 15c. Try us. SCHELL BROS., Malden, N. Y.

**THE EMPRESS HAIR PIN**

(Patented 1876.) The only stylish pin ever made. Demand unprecedented. By Mail 25c. per Box. Lady Agents Wanted. Empress Mfg. Co. Newark, N.J.

**PIANOS** RAVEN,  
Late RAVEN & BACON.  
Great Bargains. Established 45 Years.

Elegant Square Grand 7½ Octave, Full Agraffe, 4 round corners, Rosewood Pianos, with stool and cover, boxed and shipped direct from Factory, \$275. Upright, \$250. Sent on 10 days' trial. Freight paid both ways if unsatisfactory. Also Pianos but little used, very cheap. Fully warranted 5 years. Send for descriptive Circular.

RAVEN,

13 East 16th Street, New York.

10, 11, 12.

**AGENTS** For 400 PAPERS & MAGAZINES wanted. Easy work. Send for terms and get large Story Paper 3 months free.

C. W. BENNETT, General Agent, QUINCY MICH.

**65 MIXED CARDS**, with name, 10c. and stamp. 25 Acquaintance Cards, 10 cents. Agents Outfit, 10 cts. L. C. COE & CO., Bristol, Ct.

**40** Finely-Printed Visiting Cards (9 tints), with your name on them all, for only 10 cts.

STAR PRINTING CO., Northford, Conn.

# SPECIAL NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

## SPECIAL CALL.

### AGENTS WANTED

To sell the New Patent Improved EYE CUPS. *Guaranteed to be the best paying business offered to Agents by any House. An easy and pleasant employment.*

The value of the celebrated new Patent Improved Eye Cups for the restoration of sight, breaks out and blazes in the evidences of over 6,000 genuine testimonials of cures, and recommended by more than one thousand of our best physicians in their practice.

The Patent Eye Cups are a scientific and philosophical discovery, and as Alex. R. Wyeth, M. D., and Wm. Beatley, M. D., write, they are certainly the greatest invention of the age.

Read the following certificates:

*Ferguson Station, Logan County, Ky., June 6th.*

Dr. J. Ball & Co., Oculists—Gentlemen: Your Patent Eye Cups are, in my judgment, the most splendid triumph which optical science has ever achieved, but like all great and important truths, in this or in any other branch of science and philosophy, have much to contend with from the ignorance and prejudice of a too sceptical public; but truth is mighty and will prevail, and it is only a question of time as regards their general acceptance and indorsement by all. I have in my hand certificates of persons testifying in unequivocal terms to their merits. The most prominent physicians of my county recommend your Eye Cups.

I am, respectfully, J. A. L. BOYER.

William Beatley, M. D., Salvisa, Ky., writes: "Thanks to you for the greatest of all inventions. My sight is fully restored by the use of your Patent Eye Cups, after being almost entirely blind for twenty-six years."

Alex. R. Wyeth, M. D., Acheson, Pa., writes: "After total blindness in my left eye for four years, by paralysis of the optic nerve, to my utter astonishment your Patent Eye Cups restored my eyesight permanently in three minutes."

Rev. S. B. Falkinsburg, pastor of the M. E. Church, writes: "Your Patent Eye Cups have restored my sight, for which I am most thankful to the Father of mercies. By your advertisement I saw at a glance that your invaluable Eye Cups performed their work perfectly in accordance with physiological law; that they literally fed the eyes that were starving for nutrition. May God greatly bless you, and may your name be enshrined in the affectionate memories of multiplied thousands, as one of the benefactors of your kind."

Horace B. Durant, M. D., says: "I sold, and effected future sales liberally. The Patent Eye Cups will make money, and make it fast, too; no small catch-penny affair, but a superb, number one, tip-top business, promises, as far as I can see, to be life-long."

Mayor E. C. Ellis wrote us, Nov. 16th, 1869: I have tested the Patent Ivory Eye Cups, and am satisfied they are good. I am pleased with them. They are certainly the greatest invention of the age."

Hon. Horace Greeley, late Editor of the New York Tribune, wrote: "Dr. J. Ball, of our city, is a conscientious and responsible man, who is incapable of intentional deception or imposition."

Prof. W. Merrick writes: "Truly I am grateful to your noble invention. My sight is restored by your Patent Eye Cups. May heaven bless and preserve you. I have been using spectacles twenty years. I am seventy-one years old. I do all my writing without glasses, and I bless the inventor of the Patent Eye Cups every time I take up my old steel pen."

Adolph Biornberg, M.D., physician to Emperor Napoleon, wrote, after having his sight restored by our Patent Eye Cups: "With gratitude to God, and thankfulness to the inventors, Dr. J. Ball & Co., I hereby recommend the trial of the Eye Cups (in full faith), to all and every one that has any impaired eyesight, believing, as I do, that since the experiment with this wonderful discovery has proved successful on me, at my advanced period of life—90 years of age—I believe they will restore the vision to any individual, if they are properly applied."

Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Essex, ss.—June 5th, 1873, personally appeared before me Adolph Biornberg made oath to the following certificate, and by him sworn and subscribed before me, Wm. Stevens, J. P. Lawrence City, Massachusetts, June 9th, 1873.

We, the undersigned, having personally known Dr. Adolph Biornberg for years, believe him to be an honest, moral man, trustworthy, and in truth and veracity unspotted. His character is without reproach.

M. BONNEY, Ex Mayor, S. B. W. DAVIS, Ex Mayor,  
GEO. S. MERRILL, P. M., R. H. TEWKSBURY, City Treas'r.

Reader, there are a few certificates out of thousands we receive, and to the aged we will guarantee your old and diseased eyes can be made new; your impaired sight, dimness of vision, and overworked eyes can be restored; weak, watery and sore eyes cured; the blind may see, spectacles be discarded; sight restored, and vision preserved. Spectacles and surgical operations useless.

Please send your address to us, and we will send you our book, a GEM WORTH READING!

### A Diamond Worth Seeing.

*Save your eyes and restore your sight; throw away your spectacles:*

By reading our illustrated *Physiology and Anatomy of the Eyesight*, of 100 pages, tells how to restore impaired vision and overworked eyes; how to cure weak, watery or inflamed and near-sighted eyes, and all other diseases of the eyes. Waste no more money by adjusting huge glasses on your nose and disfiguring your face. Book mailed free to any person. Send on your address.

### AGENTS WANTED

to sell the Patent Eye Cups to the hundreds of people with diseased eyes and impaired sight in your county. Any person can act as our Agent. To Gentlemen or Ladies, \$5 to \$20 a day guaranteed. Full particulars sent free. Write immediately to


## DR. J. BALL & CO.,

P. O. Box 957.

205 West 33d Street,

NEW YORK CITY.

Do not miss the opportunity of being first in the field. Do not delay. Write by first mail. Great inducements and large profits offered to any person who wants a first-class paying business.

 The Largest Commission allowed to Agents by any House in the United States.



# *The Compound Oxygen Treatment.*

The virtues of this *Curative Agent* need only to be known, to challenge the confidence of all intelligent people.

Eight years of extensive practice with it, (our predecessor practised it for four years before,) qualify us to speak with certainty of its merits. We are confident that no other mode of cure can show nearly so large a proportion of chronic cases cured; and we defy any one to exhibit more wonderful cures than are numbers of our perfectly authenticated cases.

We can refer to many cases of, so called, incurable diseases that are now healthy monuments of what is being done every day; Consumption, Catarrhs, Ozoena, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Diabetes, and the most painful nervous disorders. Diverse diseases are cured by this Agent because, not being a medicament, but Nature's own Remedy, its sphere of action is universal; and being *Oxygen Magnetized*, it is the most wonderful *vitalizer* of the human body ever known.

Hence it is *invaluable* to the vast army of Convalescents from acute diseases. Thousands of these who are inevitably degenerating into fatal maladies, might be restored to complete health by the use of this Agent.

How very few ever recover from the effects of Pneumonia! and all for want of that vitalizing process which the Compound Oxygen would most certainly furnish. Thousands might thus be saved every year from the grasp of that fell destroyer, Consumption.

No conviction is stronger with us than that nine out of ten who are in the first, *confirmed*, stage of this malady can be genuinely cured. And yet, this Agent is no more potent to cure *phthisis*, than other formidable maladies. For the truth of this, we are permitted, by themselves, to refer to Hon. S. FIELD, Judge of U. S. Supreme Court, and his accomplished wife; Mrs. HALLIT KILBURN; Judge SAMUEL SMITH, New York; Hon. MONTGOMERY BLAIR; Ex-Governor BOREMAN, W. Va.; Hon. WM. D. KELLEY; Gen. FITZ HENRY WARREN, and many more of scarcely less note. One strong proof of the deserved reputation of the Compound Oxygen is the fact of the numerous imitations of it by irresponsible parties, and which they palm off as the same agent, under other names. They *do not* administer Compound Oxygen, and every such pretence is a fraud.

Our business is to make its virtues known, and available to sufferers. Therefore, let all invalids, even the most discouraged, send for our *Brochure* of 140 pages, which is truthfully written, and will well repay perusal. It will be mailed free of charge.

**STARKEY & PALEN,**

*1112 Girard St., Philadelphia.*

G. R. STARKEY, A.M., M.D.

G. E. PALEN, B.Ph., M.D.